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Daily Mirror

No. 329.

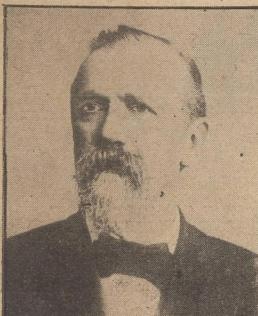
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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

The most ingenious
Money-box ever
invented."DAILY MAIL"
SAVINGS BANK.1/- On Sale at all
Newsagents. 1/-

MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA,



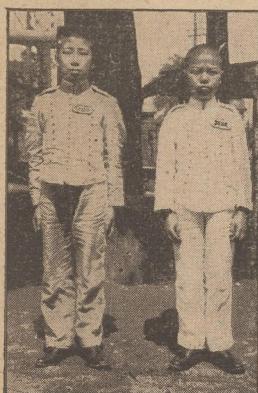
The Irish-American agitator, who has returned after an exile of twenty years.

REV. THOS. FOWLER, D.D.,



The President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who died on Sunday.—(Elliott and Fry.)

HEROIC "JAPLETS."



Max and Otto, pageboys at a Tokio hotel, who ran away to fight Russians and were brought back.

A WREATH FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S TOMB.



These beautiful flowers were placed on the Mausoleum at Frogmore on Sunday by their Majesties of Portugal. Portraits of the King and Queen appear above the wreath.—(Russell and Langfier.)

SWIMMERS WHO LAVE IN ICE WATER.



These residents of New Brighton, Cheshire, bathe in the River Mersey daily. They took a swim yesterday, and declared the water was quite warm.

MR. E. T. HOOLEY.



The great financier whose trial at the Old Bailey begins to-day.—(Russell.)

BORIS HAMBOURG,



Brother of the famous pianist, Mark Hambourg. He makes his debut as a violoncellist to-night.

LATEST CHIMPANZEE.



Just arrived from the French Congo. His two brothers died on the voyage.

MOVING ON MUKDEN.

Oyama Prepares for His Great Blow.

MAZE OF ENTRENCHMENTS.

Heavy Task Before the Japanese Armies.

Interest in the war is transferred for the time being from the siege of Port Arthur to the operations in Manchuria.

The tremendous cannonade of the 19th inst. has momentarily slackened, but the opinion is generally held that Marshal Oyama is developing a great offensive movement against Mukden.

Both armies are now forced to send very considerable distances for their supplies of forage and fuel, the district over which they are fighting having been completely denuded of wood.

Even at Harbin the price of wood rules at six times the rate current in St. Petersburg.

The whole country between Liao-ying and the foremost Japanese positions is a maze of entrenchments extending in every direction, and the Russians have also prepared numerous strong positions which they can hold should they be driven back in the direction of Mukden.

PORT ARTHUR.

Japanese Preparing for Great Attack in Force.

CHIYU, Monday.—A Japanese official from Dalny denies positively that the general attack on Port Arthur has been resumed.

It is expected that the next attack will be a tremendous affair.

The Japanese are constructing forts at Pigeon Bay, which indicates that they expect some day to be defending Port Arthur themselves.—Reuter.

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

Capture of a German Steamer Laden with Stores.

TOKIO, Monday.—The Navy Department reports the capture of a German steamer, the Batzelan, while attempting to run the blockade of Port Arthur.

At three o'clock on the morning of November 19 a Japanese squadron was cruising off Jen-ka, when it sighted the vessel. The gunboat Tatsuwa gave chase and overtook the steamer at five o'clock.

She had on board a great quantity of winter clothing, blankets, medicines, and corned beef. The Batzelan was brought to Sasebo.—Reuter.

EXTENDING POSITIONS BEFORE MUKDEN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—A Mukden telegram of yesterday's date says:—"After the failure of their attempt to occupy Putloff Hill the Japanese withdrew to Shershki. They are entrenching along their entire line. It is reported that the enemy are extending their positions on the left, although their line is not very close, while on the right they are concentrating at Pen-si-hu."—Reuter.

UNTIRING KUROPAKIN.

Grown Very Thin, but Works Day and Night.

The "Russki Invalid" publishes some interesting details received from its correspondent at the front with regard to General Kuropatkin's ceaseless activity.

The headquarters were pitched in a poor and miserable little dwelling. In one of the rooms were blue blinds that had been pulled down, and there we found the Commander-in-Chief.

"He was sitting at a small table, on which were four lighted candles. General Kuropatkin has grown very thin; but his black eyes are as keen as ever they were; his voice is strong and unmoved; and he has just the same old assurance and tranquillity in all his movements.

"He is obliged to pass many a whole night without sleep, with pencil in hand and studying his maps. The bustle never ceases for a moment in the yard and around the Chinese dwelling.

"A travelling telegraph office is at the very door of the house, and it is working night and day."

NURSE KIDNAPPED BY BRIGANDS.

CHIYU, Monday.—Miss Corolle, while serving as a Red Cross nurse at Mukden, was kidnapped by Hun-huses (Chinese brigands), who, however, have now delivered her up to the Japanese at New-chwang. She reached here to-night, but is still too exhausted to give any account of her experiences.—Reuter.

Gusty N.W. winds; very cold; snow and hall squalls; bright intervals.) To-Day's Weather (Lighting-up time, 5 p.m. Sea passages will be rather rough generally.

RUSSIAN HEROISM.

Brave and Successful Exploit of Four Volunteers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—General Kuropatkin reports that on the night of the 16th inst. a detachment of riflemen under Lieutenant Vadetza volunteered to make a reconnaissance on the Russian left. They discovered a Chinese fanza occupied by a Japanese detachment of twenty-five cavalry and infantry. The Russian lieutenant asked for volunteers to blow up the place, and four riflemen came forward.

Having been provided with hand grenades loaded with pyrosilene, they set out. They succeeded in evading the chain of hidden sentries and, lighting the fuses of the grenades, retired without being detected. In a few minutes an explosion occurred, completely wrecking the fanza, and so violent that great alarm was caused in the Japanese camp, the enemy opening fire all along the line.

A company of Japanese who arrived on the scene shortly after could only search the ruins to extricate the dead and wounded.—Reuter.

NORTH SEA OUTRAGE.

Startling Story Told by One of Russia's Seamen.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

COPENHAGEN, Monday.—A Danish-born member of the crew of the Russian cruiser Aurora, of the Baltic squadron, tells a strange story of the North Sea incident.

When the fleet was passing the Dogger Bank, the weather at the time being very foggy, the Aurora was suddenly bombarded by the Kniaz Suvorov. The chaplain was wounded in two places, and afterwards died at Tangier.

Thirteen shells struck the Aurora, and subsequently an unexploded shell of Russian make was found in the vessel's engine-room. Her decks were spattered with blood.

While this firing was proceeding the commander of the Aurora gave the order to open fire, and 350 shells were fired at the English fishing fleet.

BALTIC FLEET FOR PORT SAID.

CANAE (Crete), Monday.—The section of the Baltic Fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral Foekersah left here for Port Said at three o'clock this afternoon.

The division is composed of two battleships, three cruisers, six destroyers, and nine transports.—Reuter.

JAPANESE CHARGED WITH BARBARY.

General Balashoff, chief of the Red Cross Corps at Port Arthur, in a letter to Reuter of Chifu correspondent, brings serious charges against the Japanese.

Among other things, he says they have compelled the abandonment of three plainly-marked hospital ships; anchored where they did not interfere with the fire on the warships.

FIRTH OF FORTH SHOOTING.

Claim for Damages—Thrush's Captain Disclaims All Responsibility.

The owners of the Carron Line steamer Grange, which was fired upon and struck by a shell in the Firth of Forth, are about to present a claim to the Admiralty for the damage done to the vessel.

The owners are convinced that the gunboat Thrush is responsible for the incident.

But the commander of the Thrush, which arrived at Queensferry yesterday, denies altogether that he fired at all on Thursday. He was engaged in firing on Wednesday, and if any shots from the Thrush struck the Grange they must have been ricochetting all night.

PREMIER AT A PRIZE-FIGHT.

A fiercely-contested prize-fight recently took place in Melbourne between the Maori boxer, Ruenef, and an American named Neill.

Among the delighted spectators were Mr. Thomas Bent, the Premier, and Sir John Madden, Chief Justice of the State of Victoria.

The Maori had the better of the contest, fighting with the utmost ferocity, but Neill was awarded the contest on a foul. There is talk of a fight to the finish.

SAD NEWS CAUSES DEATH.

After hearing of the death of his old friend, Dr. Fowler, president of Corpus Christi College, the Rev. Albert Watson, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, was greatly distressed.

Yesterday morning Mr. Watson was found dead in bed.

"FAKED" BALLOT-BOXES.

Candidates Arrested on a Charge of Fraud.

INGENIOUS TRICK.

The Dominion of Canada is ringing with an election scandal for which it would be hard to find a parallel in the whole history of the ballot-box. Warrants were yesterday issued, says Reuter, for the arrest of Mr. Byron O. Lott and Mr. W. J. Shibley, defeated Liberal candidates at West Hastings, Ontario, in the Dominion elections, and two other men on charges of conspiring to ablate votes and substitute others.

The ingenious method was that of adding to the secrecy of the ballot-box a secret compartment, which enabled the conspirators, by simply turning a handle, to switch the papers of known supporters of the rival candidate into a hidden drawer.

Another compartment was filled with ballot papers in favour of the candidate whom they wished to elect. Then, by a mechanical contrivance, these papers were admitted into the ballot-box proper.

This double device was required so that the scrutineers' books should tally at the close of the poll.

The Canadian Government took prompt measures to discover these bogus ballot-boxes. The first hint at their existence came from a brother of Mr. Lott, during the preliminary hearing of a libel case, when he said that his candidate-brother had induced him to assist in obtaining a false ballot.

In a very few days the agents of one of the Conservative candidates were successful in seizing six of the fraudulent boxes.

VENDETTA.

Savage Feud Ends in a Street Battle.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Monday.—Signor Pellegrini, a doctor, of Bari, had a feud with Giallusi, a carriage proprietor, of the same town, arising out of his betrayal of Giallusi's daughter, Appollonia.

Yesterday the feud culminated in an extraordinary battle in the street between the two families.

The doctor, accompanied by his three brothers, met the family of his enemy. Shots were fired. Giallusi fell dead with three shots from the doctor's revolver in his breast.

Immediately Giallusi's wife, his son, and injured daughter sprang on Pellegrini, and laid him low with daggers.

Pellegrini's brothers at once shot to avenge his death, with the result that Appollonia, her mother, and brother were seriously wounded.

The two latter have succumbed to their injuries, while the daughter is in a critical state.

The savage scene lasted only five minutes.

POPE'S NEPHEW TO MARRY.

American Heiress Will Pay His Debts, if Not Too Large.

NEW YORK, Monday.—Count Cini, a grand-nephew of Pope Leo XIII, is to marry Miss Howe, of Pittsburg. The marriage will take place in London in the spring.

The engagement was broken off some months ago owing to a dispute as to settlements. It is now arranged that Miss Howe will pay the Count's debts if they do not exceed £20,000, and she will allow Count Cini an annuity of £2,000, which is considerably less than the sum originally demanded by Count Cini.

Miss Howe is forty years of age, while the Count is considerably younger.—Laffan.

HER 102nd BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Stride, of Cupworth-street, Leyton, celebrated her 102nd birthday yesterday. She is pale and heavy, and has just recovered from a severe attack of bronchitis.

Mrs. Stride told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that she recollects the celebrations in honour of the victory at Waterloo.

Accounting for her long years, she said:—

"I have never been a teetotaler, and I still eat a good dinner, including meat."

NEARLY EATEN BY CANNIBALS.

Captain Reid, of the Liverpool sailing ship Aigburth, which was wrecked off the New Guinea coast, has arrived home.

The captain states that the crew narrowly escaped being eaten by cannibal natives. The savages were actually preparing for the feast when they were frightened by the noise of a gun.

As the result of a conference between the South Wales and Monmouth Conciliation Board and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—the independent chairman—owners' demand for a 5 per cent. reduction in wages was conceded.

KING CARLOS TRAVELS

Arrives at Chatsworth in a Snowstorm.

THE DUKE'S PROGRAMME.

King Carlos and Queen Amelia are now the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, where they will spend a few days.

The country around Chatsworth was thinly carpeted with snow yesterday morning, and in the afternoon, when the royalties arrived, snow was falling heavily.

At Rowsley station the Duke of Devonshire awaited his royal guests on a decorated platform. The colours of the flags and banners were blotted out by the snow; the red carpet was at its edge a cloth of dazzling white.

Huddling for shelter against the pitiless storm, a small crowd cheered as King Carlos stepped out of the royal saloon with Queen Amelia and shook hands warmly with the Duke.

GOOD-NATURED MONARCH.

If King Carlos were not the most good-natured of Monarchs he would have been annoyed. But he inspected the snow-covered guard of honour with a smile, and shook the flakes from his own coat as he stepped into the carriage after this observance of etiquette.

There were at least two inches of snow on the ground by the time the hospitable doors of the mansion were thrown wide open to the King and Queen.

The house-party assembled to meet the royal visitors includes the Earl and Countess of Crewe, and Lord Dalmeny.

Nothing of a public character transpired after the gates of the palace of the Peak closed behind the distinguished guests.

To-day, to-morrow, and Thursday shooting-parties will enjoy excellent sport, as the Chatsworth coverts are this season exceptionally well stocked.

Golf is included in the programme of pastimes, and it is possible King Carlos may try his royal hand at the ancient game.

On Saturday King Carlos and Queen Amelia will probably pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, at Evesham.

THE KING AT WEST DEAN.

His Majesty the Guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James.

Mrs. Willie James.

Having taken an affectionate farewell of their guests at Wetherby Station, King Edward and Queen Alexandra took train for Paddington, and arrived in London about the same time as King Carlos reached Chatsworth.

After a brief call at Buckingham Palace, the King took train for Singleton, where his Majesty will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean Park for four days.

King Edward travelled from the station by motor-car. The avenue from the lodge to the mansion was lined by torch-bearers.

The Prince and Princess of Wales last night arrived on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Lathom, at Ormskirk, Lancashire. Shooting parties have been arranged for each day, and their Royal Highnesses' visit will extend to Friday next.

INSENSEATE SPEED.

Lord Curzon Picturesquely Describes a Motor Race.

In the letter intimating that Lord Curzon gives his patronage to the Delhi-Bombay motor contests, the private secretary to his Excellency says:

"Lord Curzon would not have given his patronage to the undertaking had the test to be applied been what he considers the insensate or even criminal creation of mere speed."

"To fly across the country at a velocity greater than that of the average train upon rails, destroying the roads, causing danger to men and animals, obliterating the scenery amid a cloud of dust, and drowning every sensation amid a roar of sound, appears to him to be a prostitution of what is in itself a most beneficial invention."

"The first test in India must be security equally for the passenger and the public."

MEMORIAL TO DEAN FARRAR.

Viscount Peel yesterday unveiled a portrait medal of the late Dean Farrar at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In performing the ceremony, Viscount Peel said that no one who heard the late Dean's sermons could forget them, though some critics thought they contained too much of the glamour and imagery of the East.

The Netherlands Government has notified the American Government that Queen Wilhelmina will be led to see the second Peace Conference meet at The Hague.

A PETTED PRINCE.

Tsarevitch Takes His First Sledge Ride.

MARVELLOUS VEHICLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—The Tsarevitch has just taken his first sledge ride.

For some little time he has ceased to be a prisoner at Tsarskoe Selo, and the arrival of the snow has enabled him to enjoy a trip in his perambulator-sledge.

This vehicle, which was made a few weeks ago by a St. Petersburg Hoffierant, is a miracle of ingenious and dainty constructive art. In order to maintain its resemblance to a horse-sledge it is fitted with the tiny silver bells which Russians call "bubentchiki."

The panels are painted sky-blue, adorned with the monogram "A. N." standing for the heir's name, Alexei Nicolaievitch, and inside is soft upholstery of blue silk. The child is kept warm by a priceless emmine perambulator rug. The handles are of ivory, and all the fittings silver.

Sometimes the perambulator is pushed, not by the nurse, but by the gigantic veteran Zimin, whose office it is to protect the precious infant from intrusive curiosity or possible treason.

Precocious Little Prince.

Little Alexis is now a fat and healthy infant, weighing considerably over the normal. His eyes are gradually growing darker, and, much to his mother's delight, his hair is becoming much thicker. Already the back of his head is as well covered as that of many a child of twelve months, and, in addition, he boasts an adorable little curl on the top of his head, which his fond mother delights to twine round her finger.

Alexis is the most be-gifted infant in existence, but by the irony of fate many of the most valuable presents sent to him are entirely outside his infant comprehension.

For example, the King of the Belgians lately sent by one of his messengers a silver model of a stable, with ten, beautifully-fashioned horses, stable-men, and carriages complete. Shortly after his visit to Reval a number of noblemen presented the heir with a model battleship four feet long.

Fond Mother's Album.

The Tsarina, always an ideal mother, is now more devoted to her son. She is determined that nothing recording her son's birth and progress shall be forgotten. In one album leading articles are collected from all the papers of the world congratulating Russia upon having an heir, while in another is kept interesting newspaper cuttings relating to the child's life.

One of her Majesty's secretaries is engaged nearly all day studying new literature on the subject of baby-rearing published in every part of the world.

Most of these books come from America, Germany, England, and France. A short summary is prepared of any new theory of dieting or treatment, and these the Empress reads, making notes in her own handwriting of any point which interests her.

Alexander Fedorovitch has a special album for keeping snapshots and sketches of his son. The little one has already been photographed by his mother no fewer than twenty times, and has been the subject of numberless sketches and kindly caricatures.

A minor official of the Court has just been dismissed for attempting to purloin one of the Empress's own sketches. He had been offered, it appeared, a large bribe by an enterprising American newspaper proprietor, who wished to "get a scoop" by reproducing the Imperial picture.

TURKEY AND THE BIBLE.

British Embassy Makes a Protest Against Sultan's Veto.

The continued interference by the authorities with the sale of Bibles in Turkey has resulted in the intervention of the British Embassy.

At Uskub the British and Foreign Bible Society has been prohibited from selling Bibles in the street.

The reason advanced for the prohibition is a Note from the Porte to the British Embassy that the Bibles are sold at a ridiculously low price, and that the sale partakes of the character of propaganda. The British Embassy is preparing a reply refuting the Porte's contentions, and insisting on the continuance of the free sale of Bibles as it has been carried on everywhere in Turkey for the last sixty years except in purely Moslem centres.

SCOTTISH KIRKS' SETTLEMENT.

The "Edinburgh Evening News" says a Royal Commission will sit with a view to drawing up a Bill to settle the question of property between Free and United Free Churches.

Valuable oil paintings and a number of curios have been destroyed by a fire at Mr. Theodore Tim's residence at Crawford.

BICYCLE WAR.

Another Firm Joins the "Popular" Price Movement.

Cycle manufacturers, hardly recovered from the shock of the sweeping reductions in prices made by the Rudge-Whitworth and other firms, received news of another company reducing its prices yesterday.

The Star Manufacturing Company joined the Rudge-Whitworth, the Swift, the New Hudson, and the Ariel Companies, and announced a machine for sale at £6 15s.

The manager of the Rudge-Whitworth Company, questioned yesterday as to the result of the company's bold step, said that since Friday morning thousands of orders had been received, and the contracts for 1905 were already larger than those of any previous year.

He emphatically denied the report that the new cheap machine was partly manufactured on the Continent.

"Every part," he said, "is British made, and, with the exception of the saddle and tyres, is stamped with our own name."

"The £6 15s. machine bears the same guarantee as did that costing £13 10s. a short time ago. The differences are that it is a little heavier, not quite so highly finished, and furnished with a different saddle and tyres."

Despite the statements generally made that other cycle companies would not follow the Rudge-Whitworth lead, it is anticipated that most of them will be forced to offer a £6 machine next season.

FORTUNES IN A FORENOON.

Incidents of the Great Sugar Gamble in Mincing-lane.

For the present time wild gambling in stocks has passed from the Kaffir circus to Mincing-lane, and the commodity has changed from gold to sugar.

Fortunes are being made every day.

"But," said a well-known broker yesterday, "every gain means a loss to some one. It is a pure game, in which wild people have sold out when they could have held on."

"For example, one man bought a large quantity of sugar. There was a big drop; he grew frightened, and sold. He was about £1,000 poorer in an hour. If he had held on a day or two he might, perhaps, have made as much."

"That was quite a small deal. Many men have lost or made five or ten times as much in a forenoon."

Mr. Czankow, one of the biggest brokers, said yesterday that in his forty-seven years' experience he had never seen anything like the present shortage in the beet crop and the gamble that has resulted.

This year France produced only 248,000,000lb. of roots, as against 419,000,000lb. last year. Germany and Austria have done no better.

OVERCROWDED TRAINS.

Where Half the Passengers Are Left Behind.

At yesterday's Board of Trade inquiry into overcrowding on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway, witnesses from the statistical department of the L.C.C. gave the following results obtained by watching the 7.26 a.m. train from Barking to Fenchurch-street.

Six hundred and seven passengers were counted on the platform at Barking Station, and all proceeded by train.

At East Ham (the next station) there were over 1,200 passengers on the platform, but only half got into the train.

At Upnor Park there were 820 on the platform, and about 400 got into the train.

The passengers were counted as they left Fenchurch-street Station, and it was found that there were over 1,500 coming off the train.

There was accommodation on the train for 910 third-class and 32 first-class passengers.

MR. MARKS WINS AT "BILLIARDS."

The Thanet election assumes a fresh importance when viewed through the eyes of the cable-expander of the Transvaal "Leader."

Here is his version of a Reuter message which probably read "Marks, 4,048; King, 3,656":—

BILLIARDS.

Reuter's Special to the "Leader."

London, Saturday, Oct. 8.

In the billiard match between Marks and King, the former's score to-night was increased to 4,048 to the latter's 3,666.

COW IN AN OFFICE.

A cow, while being driven through Leicester yesterday, suddenly bolted up a staircase and entered the office of Stubbs and Co., inquiry agents. Several men had to be summoned before the intruder could be expelled.

SNOW AND FROST.

Winter Descends Suddenly All Over England.

Winter has arrived. It came with a rush yesterday, when snow and frost made their presence unpleasantly felt over the greater part of the British Islands.

There was a sharp frost in London in the small hours, the temperature on the grass falling to 24deg. (8deg. of frost).

The lowest ordinary shade temperature in the metropolis was 32deg., but at Wick, in Scotland, it fell to 23deg.

There was a fairly heavy fall of snow in Derbyshire, and the King and Queen of Portugal, who are paying a visit to Chatsworth, were much inconvenienced. At Birmingham the snow caused the football match between Aston Villa and Small Heath to be abandoned.

In Southern Lancashire and Shropshire it covered the ground in some places to a depth of four inches, and there was a slight fall as far south as Essex.

In Scotland snow fell everywhere, and the country is covered with a white blanket. In some places the fall was very heavy, in some places developing into a regular blizzard. At Nairn no less than 4in. fell.

Ireland was also visited by a snowfall, and the snow is lying thick over the country round Newry.

A Berlin expert prophesied that this winter would be very cold, with heavy falls of snow, and the first touch of winter we have had seems to show that his prediction is likely to prove correct.

MARVELLOUS TWINS.

Bohemian Sisters Astonish the Medical Committee of Inquiry.

The doctors who recently examined the marvellous Bohemian twins, Rosa and Josefa Blazek, at Brighton, have now given written reports of the results of their inspection.

Judged by these the Bohemian twins are even more abnormal than the Siamese twins were. The doctors are unanimous in describing them as a most remarkable pathological study.

One doctor writes that the twins are joined from the middle of the spine to its base, the attachment extending from the left side of the spine of one girl to the right of the other.

Another calls it "a most marvellous case—probably absolutely unique. The Siamese twins were joined by a band, these twins are joined in body."

A third doctor states that the twins apparently have some internal organs in common. He remarks that, although they are much alike, yet one looks somewhat older than the other.

Several of the doctors say that the twins are joined by a growth of bone, and all express astonishment that they should have survived birth.

FLOATING CLUBS.

Turkish Baths and Lifts on New Atlantic Liners.

The journey between this country and America will have become a luxurious holiday when all the Transatlantic steamers are appointed, like the new vessels America and Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, which the Hamburg-American line is having constructed.

There will be on each a Turkish bath, a grill-room, passenger lifts, a gymnasium, and a complete telephone equipment with a central switchboard.

They will have three promenade decks, one for those who have their sea legs with them and the others for those who prefer easy chairs, cosy corners, a novel, or a tête-à-tête.

One is being built by the Harland and Wolff Company, at Belfast; the other at the Vulcan Works, at Stettin. It is expected the America will be in commission in time to take part in the summer rush to Europe.

MORNING SWIMS IN NOVEMBER.

The all-the-year-round swimmers in the Serpentine are being rivaled by a number of swimmers who are now taking regular morning dips at New Brighton.

As will be seen by the photograph reproduced on page 1, it is not only gentlemen who are braving the terrors of an early morning swim in November, for several ladies are accompanying their male relatives.

FIRE THREATENS FROZEN MEAT.

Extensive damage was caused yesterday by fire at the Liverpool Cold Stores, which contained £200,000 worth of frozen meat.

At Dalkeith, early yesterday morning, a fire caused damage to the extent of £1,400 to a watchmaker's premises and to buildings used as Salvation Army barracks. Several Salvationist soldiers had to escape in their sleeping garments.

NEW WESLEY IN WALES.

Collier Apostle and His Scorched Bible.

STRANGE REVIVAL SCENES.

Extraordinary scenes are being witnessed daily in connection with the religious revival in Wales, which is still spreading.

Wherever the young collier preacher, Evan Roberts, goes a blaze of religious enthusiasm sweeps the district. At the meetings which he addresses, men and women, old and young, strong and weak, all alike break into songs of praise and confessions of faith. And the enthusiasm continues after the preacher has left the district. The prayer-meetings and emotional scenes continue, and colliers and other workmen, moved by sudden impulses, are leaving their work to meet and pray together.

A typical meeting was held at the Town Hall in Bridgend, where, as at most of the meetings, the language chiefly used was Welsh.

Without any introduction, the young revivalist stepped forward on to the platform and cried to the packed audience, which had been awaiting his coming for over an hour, "Will anyone kneel at the Throne of Grace?"

MOVED TO PRAYER AND SONG.

A working man kneels down in the body of the hall and gives a fervent prayer.

"Now a few lines from the Word of God," says Mr. Roberts.

Another working man steps forward, but he is nervous, and says he cannot proceed. The revivalist cheers him by saying, "Go on, friend. We are all sinners here."

The workman reads finely, then follows the hymn, "Throw Out the Life Line," then the preacher gives an impassioned address in Welsh. He calls on his hearers to fall prostrate at the throne and ask—ask for grace as a child cries again and again to its mother.

Prayers and hymns come from all parts of the hall. Fervour runs like a flame through the people. The revivalist leaves the platform and hurries to another meeting, but the meeting he leaves goes on without him. His work at Bridgend is finished.

A few hours later there is another meeting in a chapel at Pyle. Here the audience is smaller and the people slower to move. The preacher speaks for an hour, then cries, "Who will confess Christ—who—who—who?"

His finger points to various members of the congregation and asks, "Is He not worth confessing?"

"Indeed He is," cries a middle-aged workman, jumping to his feet in a state of great excitement.

SCENE OF ECSTATIC ABANDONMENT.

Then a young Methodist minister follows the workman, a farmer's daughter comes after, and the enthusiasm spreads like wildfire. There is an indescribable scene of ecstatic abandonment.

At Abergwynfi in the evening there were similar scenes. The first to rise from his seat here was an old man, who stood up with his shirt-sleeves rolled back, and sang a hymn, after which he gave an eloquent address.

At one meeting a woman cried: "I would like to go up to the penitent form, but what can I do with the baby?" A lady at once sprang forward and took the child, and the woman went to the platform.

The young preacher, Evan Roberts, is holding meetings night and day, and still living practically without sleep. Everywhere he goes he takes with him his scorched Bible.

This Bible he used to read when a collier, placing it in a convenient spot, so that he could read when he was able to snatch a few minutes from work.

One day there was an explosion in the colliery, from which he escaped unharmed, but the leaves of his Bible were severely scorched by the blast.

ACTRESS AS MOTOR-CYCLIST

Miss Connie Ediss Pioneer of a New Fashion for Ladies.

Miss Connie Ediss, the vivacious Gaiety actress, is setting a new fashion for her sex—she has bought a motor-cycle.

The machine she has purchased is the "Roc," which is now on view at the Stanley Show. It is constructed with more space than the usual motorcycle has between the wheels. This enables the motor to be placed far enough forward to be out of the way of the lady rider.

No pedals are provided, but very comfortable foot-rests are supplied, and, the machine being low, the rider can comfortably reach the saddle before starting.

The bicycle is capable of a speed of thirty miles an hour, and is of 3-horse power.

Miss Ediss is already the possessor of a couple of motor-cars. She has had lessons on a motor-bicycle for some time, and her gentleman tutor yesterday assured the *Daily Mirror* that she was one of the smartest lady cyclists it had been his privilege to coach.

The Manchester Corporation yesterday recommended the immediate carrying out of certain public works which will find three days' work a week for 420 men.

CRIME FOR LUCRE.

Death Sentences in the Shop Murder Case.

SCENE IN THE DOCK.

The two men, Conrad Donovan and Charles Wade, were found guilty at the Old Bailey yesterday of Miss Farmer's murder.

The crime was one of a peculiarly atrocious character, and was deliberately planned with the object of robbing the old lady, who was reputed to be wealthy. About six o'clock on the morning of October 12 Donovan and Wade entered her shop in Commercial-road and strangled her, taking away with them her jewellery.

In summing up Mr. Justice Grantham said the case against the prisoners was dependent entirely on circumstantial evidence. Not unnaturally, laymen thought it very dangerous to convict on circumstantial evidence, but that was a mistaken idea, because it was often more potent, safer, and more reliable than direct evidence.

No Attempt at Alibi.

His Lordship dealt at length with the question of the time at which the murdered woman met her death, and said he thought the jury would put aside at once the whole of the theory as to the hour on which counsel for the defence had laid much stress.

Did the jury believe for one moment that Wade did not know where he was on the morning of the murder—a morning when he was called at five o'clock, whereas his usual hour of rising was nine or ten? Yet no attempt had been made to set up an alibi.

The jury were only absent from the court for ten minutes before returning their verdict. The Judge then assumed the black cap and, in passing sentence of death, said no other verdict could have satisfied the law. Referring to the prisoners' careers, he said it was a fortunate thing for society that they had been caught and would meet the due reward of their crime. They gauged that poor old woman, they tied her hands behind her, they carried her upstairs and left her for dead—all for the sake of "filthy lucre."

Outburst of Fury.

"Cheer up, Charlie," shouted a man in the gallery, as the prisoners moved from the dock-rail. Wade turned to leave the dock, and then, in a flash, he faced round again, and bounding forward, quivering with passion, he exclaimed: "—you, if I could only get near you for two minutes!" In a moment he was calm again, and went quietly below.

It is not known for certain for whom Wade's remark was intended, but his glance was fixed on Mr. Mathews, counsel for the prosecution.

There was a painful scene outside the court when the sister of one of the condemned men learnt of the verdict. She broke down completely, walling and sobbing as if her heart would break.

FIGHTING A CORPORATION.

Excited Defendant Who Protects His Land With a Hosepipe.

Lively scenes were witnessed in Scarborough Police Court yesterday when Tudor James, of the Fishermen's Institute, was summoned for drenching a dozen corporation workmen with a hosepipe while they removed an obstruction from the front of his premises.

Mr. James entered the court wearing a Scotch plaid, and fruitlessly demanded the retirement of two of the magistrates.

Mr. Jones, deputy town clerk, who prosecuted, asked the defendant if he had any witnesses.

"You mind your own business," retorted Mr. James.

As Mr. Jones was relating how Mr. James drenched the officials for half an hour with the hosepipe, the defendant remarked, "I regret you were not there to get a double share."

The case was remitted to the Quarter Sessions as an indictable offence.

Fels-Naptha

has for its other uses:
kitchen and pantry;
housecleaning;
sickroom;
spots and grime;
stable horse dog.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.O.

HOOLEY CASE OPENS.

Counsel Engaged for Defence at Record Fees.

Enormous interest is being displayed in the trial of Ernest Terah Hooley and Henry John Lawson, who will be brought before Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence at the Old Bailey to-day.

Every inch of the court space has been applied for six times over, an unprecedentedly large number of applications for seats coming from City men.

Altogether, eight counts against the defendants appear in the calendar. Among other charges in the commitment, the defendants are accused of conspiring to defraud Alfred John Paine, the proprietor of the Windsor Castle Hotel, and of obtaining from him by false pretences £4,000.

A formidable list of distinguished lawyers have been retained as follows:

For the Prosecution: The Solicitor-General, Mr. Arthur Gill; Mr. R. D. Muir, Mr. Henry Sutton. For Mr. Hooley: Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C.; Mr. Horace Avery, K.C.; Mr. J. B. Mathews, Mr. Kenneth Chalmers.

Mr. Lawson will conduct his own case.

Mr. Isaacs, it is understood, receives a fee of 500 guineas as a retainer, and a refresher of 300 guineas a day. His intimate knowledge of commercial matters should render him a particularly powerful advocate for the defence.

The case is expected to last fully ten days.

BOY BURGLARS.

Cool Recital of How They Robbed a Golf Pavilion.

How three boys broke into the Surbiton Golf Club pavilion was frankly told by one of them at Kingston Police Court yesterday.

He said:—"On November 6 Butler and Briggs and I got into the Golf Club. We bought a candle before. Briggs had a thing that could cut the glass, so he cut the glass with it, and Butler took the pane out. They laid it on one side, and opened the window."

"Briggs got in, and I got in also. Then we started to go round the place. We opened some drawers, and had some balls and cigarettes. We also had some ham and cake, and we took some tea and sugar. We searched some of the pockets in the coats that were hanging up."

"I did not have any of the whisky. It was raining at the time, so when we went away we each took an overcoat with us, but when we got nearly home, and the rain had left off, Briggs threw his overcoat over a fence."

One of the boys had four previous convictions against him, and another had three. They were both sent to prison for three months.

The boy who related the circumstances of the robbery was sent to a boys' home.

HOW TO KEEP A HORSE QUIET.

Judge Addison Corrects an Error and Tells a Story.

The problem of dealing with a horse which has fallen in the street engaged the attention of Southwark County Court yesterday.

Counsel for the plaintiff explained that when his client's cab and horse were thrown over a man immediately ran up and sat upon the animal's head.

Judge Addison: Yes, that's what they always foolishly do. It reminds me of an old gentleman who fell down and one of the crowd shouted, "Don't hurt him, sit on his head!"

Plaintiff's Counsel: Well, it is a very successful way of keeping a horse quiet when he is down.

Defendant's Counsel: Nothing of the kind. People don't seem to understand that the only thing necessary to keep a horse from kicking when he is down is to get hold of his ear and keep his nose up in the air. I have seen a lady keep a horse quiet in that way without soiling her gloves.

EXTRAORDINARY WAGER.

Explaining his appearance at Thorpe Police Court yesterday, on a charge of drunkenness, a shepherd, named Kilburn, said that four men each wagered a pint of beer he would not eat a live mouse.

He did so, however, and became intoxicated by drinking the beer which he had won.

HUSBAND WITHOUT A SMILE.

A woman complained at Marylebone Police Court yesterday that her husband, a man of seventy, locked her out of their room and banged the door to her face whenever she attempted to enter.

Mr. Plowden: He is cross, I suppose—a husband without a smile. I cannot do more than send a constable.

Cigarette-smoking was strongly denounced by Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate, yesterday.

EARL'S SPOILED FISHING.

Lord Harrington Tells a Sad Story of His Ruined Lake.

Chancery Court II. was yesterday honoured by having an earl in the witness-box. Lord Harrington, of Elvaston Castle, near Derby, gave his painful reminiscences of the deterioration of the Derwent fishing, caused, he alleges, by the discharge of Derby sewage into the river—a discharge which is asking the Court to restrain.

"When my father succeeded to the title," said his lordship, "he and I used to spend most of our time on the river. A fishing-house was built, and we hoped to have great fishing. Now the fishing is but an angling sport for £10!"

In front of Elvaston Castle there is a lake. When the Earl puts his head out of the castle windows—he complains to the Court—he can smell that lake. It is now drained dry, because it was polluted by the Derwent, and, to use the Earl's own words, "hideous where before it was an ornament to the place."

The case was adjourned.

PIRATE'S DEATH-KNELL.

Dawn of a Revolution in the Price of Music.

It was from a less public-spirited motive than that of bringing about a revolution in the publication of music that the pirate entered the field of competition.

But there are signs that the time is approaching when the standard price for a song will be sixpence, or perhaps less. That the wholesale piracy of musical copyright which prevails has contributed to such a change admits of little doubt. The pirate has proved that there is an enormous demand for music at cheaper rates than those that have hitherto obtained.

A scheme has been propounded which no doubt portends his death-knell. The works of the most popular lyric writers and eminent composers of the day are now to be issued at the uniform price of sixpence.

The first three songs of the series—which will be known as the "Carmelite Music"—are announced for publication on December 5. They are: "Maire in the Corn," by the late Garnet Wolseley Cox; "The Skipper's Courtship," by Edward St. Quinton; and "The Lord is My Shepherd," by A. H. Behrend. The latter song is being sung by Mme. Melba during her present tour.

WAR AT THE DOCKS.

Desperate Fighting Arises from Meeting of Rival Castes.

Details of a desperate fight at the Royal Albert Docks were divulged yesterday.

A number of Bombay lascars met a number of their fellow-countrymen from Calcutta, and, as they were of different castes, a quarrel started.

Fully fifty men engaged in the melee, using any weapons they could find. Sticks, stones, and even bars were freely employed.

The police and officials were for some time utterly powerless, but with the arrival of reinforcements peace was at last secured. It was then discovered that twenty of the men had been injured, four very seriously. The latter were at once removed to the local hospital, where it was stated last night that one lies in a critical condition.

Five men were arrested, and remanded at Stratford yesterday.

FATHER OF TWINS NOT SATISFIED.

The father of twins made a successful application for a vaccination exemption order for his children at Blackpool yesterday.

The Clerk: A double event, eh?

Applicant: Jane was born before Agnes, but on the same day.

The Chairman: Two a day. How many is that a year?

Applicant: Don't know. I should like 'em every day in the year.

FOX IN A WATER-WHEEL.

Hard pressed by the Eskdale Foxhounds on Saturday, a fox ran into a mill water-wheel. Three of the hounds dashed after him and effected a kill. The hounds were got out of the wheel without injury.

CHAUFFEUR ABANDONS HIS CAR.

After driving his motor-car into the rear of a cart, John T. Sanford, chauffeur—to Sir Ernest Cassel—abandoned his car and disappeared. At 11pm yesterday he was fined £10 and costs.

Arrested in Soho on a charge of murder in France, Charles Hoffman was remanded at Bow-street yesterday.

ELECTION AMENITIES.

Minor Politicians and Their Little Ways.

AMUSING SLANDER ACTION.

Islington politics and the compliments that local politicians shower on one another at London County Council election times provided a sharp action and much laughter for Mr. Justice Lawrence's Court yesterday afternoon.

An Islington painter was the plaintiff, an Islington builder the defendant. Many other of Islington's foremost tradesmen had also come to court as witnesses or spectators.

All the trouble arose out of a meeting which Messrs. Elliot and Lambert, the Moderate candidates at the last election, held at the Wellington Hall, Islington, on March 5 last.

On that date a little conversation took place at the back of the hall between Mr. Andrew, the builder, and Mr. Somerville, the painter.

Mr. Somerville had the conversation. There are two versions of what he said.

(Mr. Andrew's version): Here comes Mr. Andrew, another Moderate!

(Mr. Andrew then retorted): You old sweater!

Mr. Andrew then retorted: There are two versions also of his retort:

(His own version): You thief. Go and wash your mouth out in a Turkish bath.

(Mr. Somerville's version): Shut up, you thief. You have never done an honest day's work in your life.

It was this last version that formed the slander complained of.

Mr. Somerville, who was described in court as a "professional breaker-up of meetings," as well as a painter and decorator, told his story in a vigorous voice. Asked gently by counsel whether he is a fiscal reformer, he said:—

"No; I am a free lance. I have been a free lance for thirty-five years. I have only been twice ejected from a meeting. It is not unusual for a man who holds advanced views to be chucked out."

The jury awarded Mr. Somerville one farthing damages, and the Judge deprived him of his costs on the ground that the damages were contemptuous.

LONDON'S ANTIQUATED LAWS.

Builders Cannot Use a Remarkable, New Material.

An absolutely new material has come to enrich the engineering world, said Mr. L. G. Mouche, addressing a meeting of the Royal Institution of British Architects last night.

It is called ferro-concrete, and, as its name implies, is a combination of concrete and steel.

Like good wine, it improves with age, and resists the effects of high temperature and sudden cooling in a surprising manner.

London is the only city in the civilised world where its use for buildings is actually prohibited.

Walls must be a certain thickness here. If constructed of ferro-concrete, such a thickness would be absurdly unnecessary as well as ruinously expensive.

But the by-laws know no distinction between bricks and the new material, and therefore it cannot at present be employed.

VANISHED BRIDEGRoOM.

It is a week since George Mundy, Quarry-street, Guildford, was to have been married, and his disappearance is still a mystery.

Up to the eve of his wedding-day, Mundy was making preparations for the ceremony, and he visited a Roman Catholic priest, with the view of being received into that church.

BOY'S STRANGE LIFE AND DEATH.

Although nineteen years old, Thomas Harrison was only 3ft. in height. He could play the piano with skill, and, possessing a voice of great volume and sweetness, he was soloist in a Cardiff church.

Whilst getting off a chair his crutch slipped, and he fell on an apple in his pocket, which broke his thigh.

He was taken to the hospital, but gradually pined away and died.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD PURIFIER

is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 29 per Bottle.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

The Prince of Wales will, it is announced, go to Italy for the baptism of the Prince of Piedmont.

The King has been pleased to accept a copy of the "Life of Father Ignatius," by the Baroness de Bertouch.

Under new Army regulations, the chest measurement for the Militia is fixed at half an inch lower than for the Regular forces.

It is proposed to commemorate next year the 950th anniversary of the martyrdom of William Hunter, of Brentwood, who was burnt at the stake on May 27, 1558.

LORD HUGH CECIL, M.P., ON SCHOOLS.

Replying to a query from the South London Catholic League, Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., says he would oppose any attempt to deprive Catholic schools of their denominational character as settled under the recent Acts of Parliament.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

The latest extension of the free library is the lending of books specially printed in Braille type for the benefit of the blind.

The idea emanates from the library in Buckingham Palace-road, where all applications respecting such books are requested to be made.

DEATH OF PROMINENT THEOLOGIAN.

The Rev. William Francis Shaw, D.D., who died at Huddersfield yesterday, was a prominent theologian who wrote five manuals for the Church of England now in general use.

He also was joint editor of a dictionary of the Kentish dialect. He retired from the vicariate of St. Andrews, Huddersfield, last year.

TOBACCO FOR PAUPERS.

Lewisham Union Workhouse having become overcrowded, many of the poor have been sent to Greenwich for accommodation.

Here they are to be supplied with a weekly allowance of tobacco at the request of the Lewisham authorities, who are prepared to pay the bill.

PROTECTION AT BETHNAL GREEN.

The Bethnal Green Borough Council have decided that, in view of the large amount of distress prevalent throughout the borough, and the large number of men living in the borough out of work, all men taken on for casual employment by the officials of the council must be resident within the area of the borough.

DULWICH WIDE-WORLD FAIR.

To wipe off the debt on St. John's Church and St. Andrew's Mission Buildings, at Goose Green, East Dulwich, a remarkable wide-world fair has been organised.

It will be opened to-morrow by the Duchess of Marlborough, who will be received by a body-guard of Knights of St. John. The fair will remain open during the week.

INCREASED WATER SUPPLY.

At the meeting of the Thames Conservancy yesterday Mr. A. C. Morton called attention to the large increase in the amount of water taken by the water companies during the month of October.

Whereas the usual daily average of water abstracted above Teddington Weir is 399 millions of gallons over twenty-one years, during last month the amount taken daily was 899 millions of gallons.

NEW PEAS IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

More remarkable than the November primroses, which are growing in Devonshire, are some very fine green peas, which were plucked in Northumberland only last week.

More cold and bleak than any other county, Northumberland crops are a month or two behind those of southern counties, but these peas, grown at Wanwood, are a proof of the reality of the long Indian summer.

AUTOMATIC COMPASS.

From France comes news of an automatic compass, which should do much to lessen the perils of navigation.

This remarkable apparatus not only note every change in the position of the vessel, every move made by the helmsman, and the exact time at which a change is made, but also registers the exact speed.

If its use will not entirely obviate shipwreck, the exact error through which an accident may occur will be clearly shown.

BEGGARED ON £4,000 A YEAR.

"What is a working man?" is a question the answer to which has proved a difficult one to Judge Austin in the Bristol County Court.

His Honour remarked that the answer also depended on what was a sufficient margin of wage to live on.

He mentioned the story of a Frenchman who at the time of the great Revolution came to England, overwhelmed with misfortune. He had been a very rich man, and there was left to him about £4,000 a year in English money.

He had lived in luxury, and he carefully considered whether he could subsist on such a remnant. He determined that he could not do so, and cut his throat.

The Rev. Albert Watson, principal of Brasenose College, died yesterday.

Miss Madeleine, who was injured in the Sunderland looping-the-loop accident last week, was yesterday still lying unconscious.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and her daughter arrived at Kensington Palace yesterday morning from Windsor.

The Princess of Wales is patroness of a ball on Tuesday next at the Star and Garter, Richmond, in aid of the local hospital.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has almost completely recovered from his attack of rheumatism, and is now able to undertake some public engagements.

CITY'S FAT DOES.

The Lord Mayor has received from the First Commissioner of his Majesty's Works and Public Buildings warrants for the delivery of four fat does from Windsor Great Park.

The Sheriffs are assigned three does, and the Recorder, Chamberlain, Town Clerk, Common Serjeant, and Remembrancer one each. Earlier in the year, the same officials receive warrants for fat bucks in like proportions.

These warrants had their origin in the early charters granted to the citizens of London in which their "hunting" were secured to them, and there are continuous records in regard to them from 1101 downwards.

EAST END ELECTRIFICATION.

The Stepney Borough Council have decided to oppose any attempt on the part of the London County Council to secure the abolition of the right of veto of borough councils over their highways.

This action has been taken because the London County Council desire to introduce overhead traction for the East London tramways, which is bitterly opposed by the borough council, on the grounds that it is unsightly, dangerous, costly to maintain, and in almost every way inferior to the conduit system adopted on the south side of the Thames.

RETURN TO ANGLESEY.

Now that the Marquis of Anglesey is in exile the Bangor tradesmen are in despair at the loss of his generous patronage.

He can hardly ever be the same lavish customer as in the past, but his presence among them, with the £2,000 he is allowed by the trustees, would be something.

One of the tradesmen has been to Dinard to interview the Marquis, and brings back the inspiring information that the Marquis will return to the Anglesey neighbourhood in the summer, probably in May.

RACING OFFICIAL'S MAXIM.

Speaking at the memorial service of the late Alderman Brightmore, chairman of the Doncaster Race Committee, the Bishop of Sheffield said, in addressing the charity apprentices, Mr. Brightmore told them: "Don't bet on horse racing, because you are bound to lose money by it."

The Bishop wished these words might go forth written in gold, not as the preacher's moral but as the maxim of the chairman of the Race Committee, who was a man of strenuous life, and whom they would sadly miss.

INDIAN MOTOR RACE.

Great Britain will, after all, be represented in the Indian automobile speed trials next month.

Mr. E. J. Robertson-Grant, of the Scottish Automobile Club, has sailed from Liverpool on the ss. Olympia, and has taken a two-cylinder 12 horse-power cycle car, which he will drive in the races from Delhi to Bombay, a run of 888 miles, which will be broken into eight stages and will occupy eight days.

MINIATURES

This Year's Popular Xmas Gift. An Old Fashion Revived.

Seventy years ago every lady wore a miniature of her husband, lover, child, or dearest friend. The costliness of Miniature-painting made these brilliant pictures extremely valuable, and only the wealthy could afford them. The fine taste of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra recently revived the pleasing custom, which has been eagerly taken up by the leaders of fashion. The most fashionable ornaments at a price well within the reach of all.

Send your orders now, and you will be rewarded by receiving your Miniatures in half the time it will take to execute them a week hence.

If you wish to secure one of the "Daily Mirror" Miniatures as a Christmas gift, you should send off immediately. Remember that it is only as an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror" that we are able to offer such beautiful little Miniatures finished in water-colours and mounted as

PENDANT, 2/II; BROOCH, 3/3.

(Postage 2d.)

If you require a double Pendant, that is one with pictures on both sides, the price is only one shilling extra.

How to Send for the Miniatures.—When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the coupon below, enclose photograph and postal order crossed Coutts and Co., and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror"

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WRITE Name

PLAINLY Address

Colour of Hair

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Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

THE DAILY MIRROR.

FIGAROS' FESTIVAL.

Hairdressers Trying Their Skill on Feminine Models.

The International Society of Hairdressers celebrated its twenty-first birthday yesterday, with pomp and ceremony at the Portman-rooms, Baker-street.

There was an exhibition of trade goods and a grand international hairdressing competition, followed by a dance.

Thirty stalwart, but artistic, hairdressers strove for the prize of honour, £20, a gold medal, and diploma.

Each brought his own lady model, whose head of hair he judged most suitable for the display of his art. Each brought his own materials.

At 9.15 by the clock they started, and with nimble fingers, comb, brush, and crimping-iron endeavoured to erect upon the pretty ladies' heads a "triumph of torsorial art."

Frenchmen, Germans, and English were included in the gallant thirty.

A special interest was hoped for in the presence of a Russian and a Jap, whose labours side by side would have added considerably to the attraction. But with unusual promptitude only the Slav turned up.

The indefatigable competitors skipped zealously round their models, whose beautiful hair they crimped and curled, patted, and puffed with all the resources of their art.

At last it was over, and a solemn jury of nine experts sat in judgment upon the thirty, including the Russian.

During the dance one of the chief topics of conversation was that Mr. W. J. Reed, the secretary, had been commanded in the morning to Buckingham Palace, to do some hairdressing.

THE CITY.

Stock Markets Still Confident—Rails Suffer from Fog—Rally in Gas Shares.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—Stock markets keep fairly confident in tone, and business is by no means to be complained about. Once again there have been numerous items of interest, and the banks speak of a large outflow of money. But, of course, the end of the month is drawing near, and the end of the year is not far off, and so we may reasonably look for a temporary rally.

It is expected, however, that even if the Bank rate are increased, but, even if it came about, there is really no occasion for uneasiness.

In fact, the markets would at once say that they then knew the worst.

Consuls have been firm in the 68s.

The two traffic returns published today show decreases, but, of course, the Brighton was affected by the fog last week. The market seems quite reconciled to poorer traffic, and the Westway, and goods traffic may be a little better than expectations.

In technical name is "fulsarium lycopersici," and is due to overcrowding the plants under a glass roof.

A fruitful source of infection is the use, year after year, of the same strings for training the plants.

TOMATO'S "SLEEPING SICKNESS."

Sleeping sickness, a disease hitherto believed to be the exclusive prerogative of certain Asiatic and African races, has attacked the Channel Island tomatoes.

Its technical name is "fulsarium lycopersici," and is due to overcrowding the plants under a glass roof.

A fruitful source of infection is the use, year after year, of the same strings for training the plants.

CAPE RATES CUTTING.

A new shipping rate war is threatened by the Prince Line, Ltd., of Newcastle. For some years this enterprising firm has been fighting the Conference lines with much success in Atlantic freights, and next month proposes to initiate a service from Cardiff, via New York, to South Africa.

This presages considerable cutting of prices, and there is little likelihood of the Prince Line competition being extinguished, as was that of the Houston Line, by its being driven to join the Conference.

INDIAN MOTOR RACE.

A French Senate is to consider a Bill for developing trade between France and India. Recently there has been a great deal of French and Belgian syndicates under-taking fresh railway construction in the country, and the French have had at least one important harbour scheme in progress. The fresh remittance of 100,000 francs led to some buying of Argentine rails. At all events the market was good, and Rosarios several times touched 100, which, of course, they have never done before to-day. Then harvest prospects were given for the first quarter of 1905. There was good reason given for the rise in the Argentine rails. There was good business in the Argentine rails for a number of years.

Several times—the coming advance in freight rates. The Conference, for some reason, began to take the initiative at 24 of the Argentine rail line. As to the Mexican market, it was all round activity and strength as a result of the recent currency reform, which were explained at length last week. The Foreign Railway group was thus a somewhat prominent section of the market.

The success of the Japanese loan makes the dealers willing to pay 14 cash premium for the new scrip. Old Japanese issues seemed quite hopeful, and Spanish bonds were a feature of strength. This is because there is a proposal to divide the bonds into new bonds of smaller value, hoping thereby to add to their attraction.

Consolidated was not so good, and this, in spite of the fact that the gamble in the metal continues, and that the price of it has been put higher. There was a good deal of sale of Peruvian copper.

The success of the Japanese loan makes the dealers willing to pay 14 cash premium for the new scrip. Old Japanese issues seemed quite hopeful, and Spanish bonds were a feature of strength. This is because there is a proposal to divide the bonds into new bonds of smaller value, hoping thereby to add to their attraction.

Chartered's Advance.

Interest, of course, centred in Chartered in the mini-market, owing to the news mentioned in last issue. The market opened early, and the price of 100,000 shares at 24, which would make the advance in value of the whole Chartered capitalised something over £300,000,000 during Saturday and today. But the market did not close.

On the other hand, the Bank of England shares fell somewhat. The Kaffie market generally was better, though here also the close was below par. West African stocks were up, and the Great Boulder at the depth of 1,100ft. are said to be satisfactory. West Africans rallied further, and this was an attempt made again to attract public interest to Egyptians.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 1810 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1904.

SPEED WITHOUT THE SPUR.

HERE is a lesson to be learnt from the Gas Exhibition, which is being held at Earl's Court this week—a lesson which should be taken to heart by those who are always dinging into our ears the melancholy tidings that British business capacity is a thing of the past.

Let us glance at the recent history of the gas industry in this country. For many years before electric lighting was brought within the reach of the household gas had been stagnating. The gas companies earned large dividends. Their business rolled comfortably along. They went to sleep.

Then came the electric shock, which aroused them. They awoke to find the world rapidly discarding the old method of lighting by gas in favour of a clearer, brighter, more convenient system. It looked as if their occupation would soon be gone. It was prophesied that in ten years probably—in twenty years for certain—gas would cease to be wanted.

Fortunately for the gas industry, its leaders were men of enterprise and brain. They set to work to fight electricity. They adopted an altogether new kind of light. The incandescent "mantle" made gas a different thing. They turned their attention to gas heating and cooking appliances. They advertised widely. They spared no trouble to find out what the public wanted and to supply it as cheaply as they could.

The consequence of all this energy is to be seen in the fact that gas to-day is flourishing as prosperously as ever, is used far more than it was, and bids fair to go on developing rapidly upon its new and improved lines. Those who burn gas get it cheaper and better than ever before. Those who use electric light have also to thank gas for keeping its competitor up to the mark.

Once more we see that British activity and enterprise are as keen as ever when once they are aroused. The pity is that it takes so much to arouse them. The Briton in his natural state likes to plod along half-asleep, untroubled by ideas of progress. He has to be jerked into action. His lethargy must be disturbed by a shock.

What we have to do now, by education and by carefully cultivating the germs of progress, is to make the rising generation active without the spur. Not until Britons love energy and enterprise for their own sake shall we be able to compete successfully with our German rivals and our cousins across the sea.

FIVE HUNDRED TOO MANY!

The passengers were counted as they left Fenchurch-street Station, and it was found that there were over 1,500 coming off the train.

There was accommodation on the train for 42.

That is what happens on the Tilbury and Southend line. The London County Council had inquiries made, and yesterday told the Board of Trade Committee on Overcrowded Trains what the results were.

Nor is this the only railway which endeavours day after day to get a pint and a half into a pint pot. The Underground trains are frequently made to hold far more people than they were ever meant to carry. Trains into Liverpool-street often have people standing in every carriage. On pretty well all the local lines there is crowding to the point of inconvenience, and even danger.

Think of the difference between a man or a woman who has had room enough and air enough in the train and one who has been sitting in a cramped attitude, with bodies overlapping on either side and other bodies blocking out the light and air by standing up in the middle. Noboby, who has been through such an ordeal as this is fit to start a day's work. Limbs are tired, lungs are exhausted, minds are disturbed. Overcrowding is a serious handicap to efficiency.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If we got our deserts, most of us would be knocked on the head with a broomstick.—*J. M. Barrie.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ORD CURZON, on his approaching return to India, will be without his wife's invaluable assistance as hostess. But Lady Ulrica Baring, the wife of Lord Curzon's secretary, will take her place. Lady Ulrica accompanied the Viceroy on his expedition to the Persian Gulf, and she is already well known in India. She likes to escape from London, where she used to do philanthropic work in the East End. In those days she

became engaged to the present Bishop of London, then Bishop of Stepney, but the engagement was broken off.

Lady Ulrica always had very serious tastes. She never gave much time to London society, but preferred to live in the country, reading. She was at Girton College, and later on she took up nursing, not just to pass the time, but very seriously. She

qualified, in fact, as a fully-trained nurse. Lady Ulrica, like her sister, Lady Helen Vincent, is very beautiful, and could have become a "society beauty" had she cared to. But she very sensibly did not.

Is Mr. George Wyndham also amongst the athletes? Unlike Mr. Chamberlain, who never takes any exercise at all, unless he is forced to do so by being thrown out of hansom cabs, he distinguished himself before his Dover constituency as a footballer. He kicked off at a match between Dover and Sittingbourne, and with so might and such kick that he nearly scored a goal. The incident shows that Mr. Wyndham can be athletic when he likes, but as a general rule he is more given to literary pursuits than to sport. But he began political life as a secretary to Mr. Balfour, and no doubt learnt to temper hard work with golf under his guidance.

The Duke of Devonshire has had the honour of entertaining many royalties and other distinguished people at his famous Chatsworth home. Now he is entertaining King Carlos. Probably his royal guest will have some excellent shooting in the Chatsworth coverts. The Duke has not always, it is said, been a very safe shot. He once "peppered" the legs of a favourite keeper quite without knowing it, and then, seeing him in pain, said, "Why, who shot you now?" The keeper replied very gruffly, "Why, you, of course." He found it bad enough to be shot by the poachers without the Duke joining in.

Some people go about asserting that the Duke never makes or sees a joke. They are deceived by his languid manner. He has in reality a very strong sense of humour, which reveals itself in little dry comments on passing events. Lady Harcourt once asked him if he would not like to hang her husband. "No," said the Duke, giving every sign of excessive boredom, "but I should like to suspend him for a while." And, in a similar vein, he once congratulated a friend upon living in South Kensington by remarking, "A delightful place—when you succeed in getting there."

Lord and Lady Lathom are at present entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Lathom House, Ormskirk. The present Lathom House is not a very old building. But the place has historic associations. In the seventeenth century the old house was once held for weeks against the Long Parliament during the Civil War. Lord Lathom has not lost his family's love of adventure. He ran away to sea as a boy, and began a seaman's life by heading a mutiny for more food! He was brought back and made to devote himself to business and his mining properties in Lancashire. In doing that he has been prodigiously successful.

The Marchioness of Granby is almost better known as an artist and as a model for famous portrait-painters than as a leader of society. She is very interested in the stage as well as in painting, and she numbers Mrs. Tree amongst her intimate friends. Yet she finds time for charitable work as well, and yesterday at Lansdowne House she assisted in the distribution of prizes to the District Messenger Boys of London.

Lady Granby's appearance is too well known to need description. Perhaps she suggests Madame Sarah Bernhardt a little, and she is said to cultivate that resemblance by the arrangement of her hair. Like Madame Bernhardt, Lady Granby is a spinster. She painted a portrait bust of her eldest son, Lord Haddon, whom she had the misfortune to lose very early in his life. When Cecil Rhodes saw this monument of the dead child he was greatly moved by it, and said that nothing, "not even the Raid," had ever given him such a sense of suffering.

Mr. A. B. Markham is one of the members of Parliament who sometimes say what they think. He speaks his mind freely on every subject, from Chinese labour to the working man and his drink. His latest exploit is to call his constituents "beer-swillers." The result of speaking one's mind is generally to make enemies. Mr. Markham was once exceedingly amused to find this notice in a Colonial paper: "Notice to all loyal subjects. C. Markham, of the cheap furniture store, in Berea-road, is no relation of the A. B. Markham who is now making himself so objectionable in the House of Commons."

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

NOVEMBER 22.—It has been a splendid year for out-door chrysanthemums. A good patch of a dozen plants, rising triumphantly above the wrecks of summer and autumn flowers, makes a brave show.

They are quite easy to grow in a sheltered and sunny situation, and they provide blooms for your vases well into November.

They will even withstand several degrees of frost. They succeed well in town gardens.

The autumn crocuses, also, are useful late flowers. These produce their leaves in the spring, die down during the summer months, and then gladden our eyes with bright blooms that stand boldly up unrelieved by any green foliage. The bulbs should be planted in August.

E. F. T.

GAS'S PROGRESS MAKES ELECTRICITY STARE.

GAS EXHIBITION



ELECTRICITY: Hullo, Gas! I thought you were about dead.

GAS: Not a bit of it. Never better in my life.

[See leading article "Speed without the Spur."]

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Miss Constance Smedley.

THERE are a number of energetic people about, but it would be hard to find a more enterprising young woman than this.

It is only six months ago since she opened the ladies' Lyceum Club in Piccadilly, after a great struggle to get exactly what she wanted in matters of organisation and arrangement. Now, still unsatisfied, she wants to get Lyceum Clubs established on the same basis in every great capital.

In Berlin, where Miss Smedley has just addressed a meeting on the subject, the idea has found instant acceptance. The Berlin Lyceum Club will be in existence before next year is out.

And there is little doubt that her enthusiasm and devotion to the cause of combination amongst women will meet with equal success elsewhere. If she has managed to build the London Lyceum Club upon a solid foundation, in spite of all the gloomy prophecies that were uttered about it at the start, there need be no uncertainty about her triumph in other quarters.

And with all this record of hard work to her credit Miss Smedley is not much over twenty-one. "Connie," as her friends all call her, has always been a remarkable girl. It seemed at one time that she would devote herself entirely to writing. She has brought out novels (which charmed some people and irritated others); she has written plays (one of them was produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell); she has criticised the work of others, too.

Now for the moment her writing is neglected for something more exciting. She is a born organiser, and ought to be, for her father is the proprietor of the famous hydro-therapeutic, Smedley's, at Matlock, and other establishments of the same kind. She talks as well as she writes, and fascinates everybody (or almost everybody) by her engaging personality. Also she is very pretty. The gods did not stint their favours when "Connie" Smedley was born.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

THE COOK (who has just received notice): Very well, I'll go. But don't you think as I don't know why I'm going. You're jealous because master filled the soup last night! — "Journal Amusant" (Paris).

The young lawyer is a necessity, but frequently, like necessity, he knows no law.—"Philadelphia Record."

Small Boy (to motor chauffeur): Say, boss, will yer let yer car stand right here for half an hour before our shanty? Mother reckons the smell might scare away the flies.—"Judge" (American).

First Night-bird: I beg y' pardon—izz that th' moon or th' sun rising?

Second Night-bird: Afraid I can't tell you. I'm a stranger in this neighbourhood.—"Le Sourire" (Paris).

"How much a quart—your milk?"

"Reurpence."

"We tol' me it was only threepence."

"We're out of threepenny milk, but we can make you some!"—"Sporting Times."

Rural Labourer: Be you able to send a telegram? Village Postmaster: Certainly. Here's a form and a pencil. Write your message down.

Rural Labourer: Whoi, if th' wut toime to write, thickhead, I zuddn't hav' no occasion to telegraph!—"Fliegende Blätter" (German).

Into the omnibus stepped a heavy woman with a basket of fish, which she held placidly, as she sat, between her knees. The young man by her side edged away. "Dessay you'd liefer have a gentlewoman settin' side of you," said the woman pleasantly. "Yes, I would," said the young man. "Same 'er," sighed the woman.—"Daily Chronicle."



A DAY'S HAPPENINGS.



MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' COMMITTEE OF THE SPECIAL APPEAL FUND IN AID OF THE SAMARITAN FUND FOR ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.



The Duchess of Abercorn.—(Bullingham.)



The Marchioness of Granby.—(Langfier.)



Lady Jeune.—(Beresford.)

A HOSPITAL'S APPEAL TO DRIVERS.



This notice is seen by drivers past the Poplar Hospital, and they always moderate their speed and—



—receive the thanks of the hospital. Those who neglect to drive slowly feel remorseful on seeing this sign.

THE BLANKNEY HOUNDS.



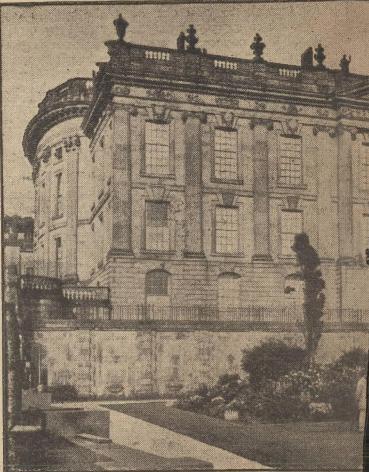
A snapshot of the field on its way to Coddington. The pack has had some fine sport this season.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE ENTERTAINS THE KING AND QUEEN



The Duke of Devonshire, in fishing costume, with rod and line. The Duke is an ardent fisherman, and has some splendid fish preserves upon his estate.

—(E. H. Poole.)



Chatsworth, the splendid residence of the Duke, is frequently the residence of the King and Queen.

DEPTFORD'S RIVER POSTMAN



Mr. G. Waledge rows from ship to ship on the river, and ships' cooks. The river men welcome him.

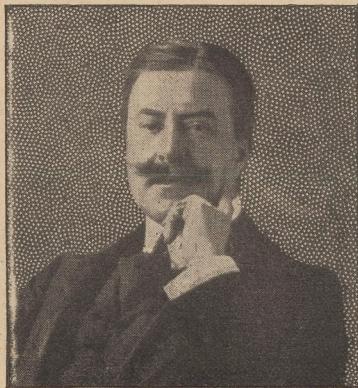
MIRROR' CAMERAGRAPH'S

TAN HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN IN MARYLEBONE ROAD, WHO WILL ATTEND A RECEPTION AT THE

THIS AFTERNOON.



Madame Melba.—(Reutlinger.)



Mr. E. Douglas White, secretary of the Special Appeal Fund.—(C. Vandyk.)



The Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon.—(Esmé Collings.)

F PORTUGAL AT CHATSWORTH.



here the King and Queen of England are fre-
ed for its private theatricals.

LIVERING LETTERS TO SHIPS.



he a day, giving letters to bargemen, ships' captains,
his arriva- Sometimes he rows a mile to deliver a
ure post.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS HAMLET.



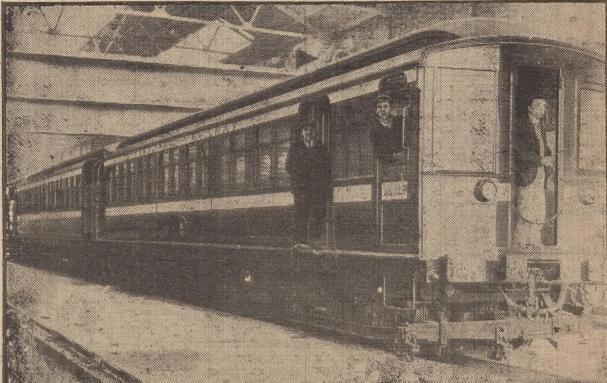
He appeared at Dublin in this part
last night. It is likely that he will play
in it also at the Coronet Theatre,
Notting Hill, on December 12.—
(Chancellor, Dublin.)

LADIES' BICYCLE POLO.



An indoor winter sport that is becoming very popular. It requires great expertness
as a cyclist.

LONDON'S ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES.



The new equipment on the electrified Metropolitan Railway. Trial trips are being
held now. A tremendous speed is attained.

SCIENCE AND EVERYDAY LIFE.

Things All Good Citizens Ought To Know and Steer By.

THE CYCLE OF LIFE, According to Modern Science. By C. W. Saleby, M.D. Harpers.

Dr. Saleby's object in this book is to "bring home" to men in their everyday life and

it is, in fact, to make science useful to the average man. That is an excellent object. For truth is that nowadays the influence of science-research is mainly negative.

Men go about saying they cannot believe certain things. Why? Because they have vague notions of something called science, about which they know less than nothing, has disproved them. But they seldom allow this much-talked-of science to have a positive influence upon them; to keep them, let us say, from too much drink, too much food, too much everything else; or to freshen their ideas about education, marriage, and life in general.

Dr. Saleby wants to make science applicable to all the most vital questions of to-day. There is the drink question, for instance. Read his chapter, "The Verdict of Science upon Alcohol." There he shows that only one ounce and a half a day of alcohol can be safely consumed in the body. It has a poisonous effect upon the tissues; you can actually see its ruinous action with the microscope.

People can "do nothing more foolish than to take a nip of whisky before going out on a frosty night." Science shows that the momentary sensation of heat thus produced is always followed by a corresponding lowering of the temperature. In fact, the sensation is illusive, for the nip "makes us feel warmer, but be colder."

In this rapid, vigorous way Dr. Saleby turns the scientific lamp upon cricket, upon hypnotism, telepathy, Japan, art, and a hundred other things. He is interested in everything, and on every thing he has something fresh and arresting to say.

One particularly curious chapter is given to the "Destiny of the Horse." What is to happen to the horse when the motor-car does all his work? He will be made to bear our children's diseases for them. We shall inject into his skin the poisonous toxin formed by the bacilli we have taken from "some unfortunate child's throat." It will not hurt the horse, but the horse will produce an anti-toxin from his body-cells.

RUSSIAN "DISCIPLINE."

Officer Who Was Shot for a Daring Deed of Gallantry in War.

In Mr. Douglas Story's "Campaign with Kuroptkin," recently published by T. W. Laurie, the war correspondent tells an amazing story to illustrate Russian military methods. It is about a friend of his own, a young lieutenant, who was granted sick leave.

"Making a rapid recovery, and eager to distinguish himself, he took advantage of what he considered his permission to run the blockade into Port Arthur. He was successful in the attempt, and returned with very important dispatches from General Stoessel.

"Those he delivered first to the Viceroy at Mukden, was highly commended for his action, and promised the St. George's Cross. Next he reported himself and his doings to General Kuroptkin, who again commended and promised the Commander-in-Chief's interest to obtain him the decoration. Then he returned to his regiment and reported himself to his colonel.

"The colonel heard his report, and said: "Sir, I am glad you have returned to your regimental duties in good health, but you have broken the regulations of war by proceeding without leave to Port Arthur; you are under arrest and will be tried by court-martial. The young officer told me the tale himself."

"The next thing I heard was that he had been ordered to be shot."

MRS. CRAIGIE ON ACTRESSES.

She Calls Them Less Attractive Than Their More Domestic Sisters.

"John Oliver Hobbes" is a shrewd critic of men and women. In a little book, called "Letters from a Silent Study," she turns her attention to actresses and tells them some hard knocks.

The actress, she says, is "an ordinary being who, when she is not playing a part, is vainer than her sisters and less certain of her feelings."

Again:

Shamefulness is the disease of our heroes and heroines in serious drama or fiction.

The more they moan, they justify themselves at length; they are artfully driven by their author into dilemmas which a "funny" character would get out of without a single tirade or an attitude—far less a "tale." But the disease of nobility is in their wires; they must, by some means, be "goble"; they must excite pity and terror for their fate.

She likes the Gaiety actresses. She calls them highly accomplished, and contrasts them with the actresses at "another kind of theatre"—"inadmissible recruits (or persons who have no right to be on any stage) working their ineffective way through some tedious piece without form and void, about nothing on earth."

LAST NIGHT'S PLAY.

A BANQUET OF ELIZABETHAN GLOOM AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

The Mermaid Society are this week giving lovers of Elizabethan drama a chance to see "The Broken Heart," by John Ford. Ford was one of the horror-providers of the Elizabethan stage. In "The Broken Heart" the horror is felt slowly creeping towards us, to burst upon us with all its force in the end.

The main incidents are simple enough. Ithocles, a Spartan gentleman, has forced his sister Pentheia to marry a jealous old nobleman of the Court. It was a "marriage of convenience," and the "grieved Pentheia" is very miserable. She is constantly watched by her jealous husband. She sighs in vain for young Orgilus, to whom she had vowed her love. Orgilus was absent from Sparta when she was married. When he returns, he finds Pentheia ever separated from him; he sees her intolerable grief end by driving her mad; he sees her die.

All this fills him with wild hatred of the brother Ithocles, who made the match. He determines to revenge himself. You see him smiling, courteous, accommodating; but you know that he is concealing a terrible secret.

He invites Ithocles to the mourning couch of the dead Pentheia. He sends the mourners away. Then he motions Ithocles who suspects nothing, into a chair. As soon as he is seated two slaves pinion him, and Orgilus, after loading him with reproaches, slowly stabs him to death.

Some of the terrible force of this scene was lost last night, because the actors were afraid to let themselves go." They played it with a kind of dignified calm. It ought to be played with all the Italian vehemence which inflamed the Englishman who wrote it.

A LOOKER-ON AT LIFE.

"Life's Lesser Moods" by C. Lewis Hind. A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.

Not of many a book can one say: "There are five perfect pages in it—five pages which one can read over and over again and find no fault in them—five pages full of words which could not be better arranged; of thoughts which might serve to fill five volumes, they are so stimulating and sincere."

We can say that of this book. The sketch called "A Citizen" is a perfect piece of literature. It bears comparison with all the "characters" that have ever been drawn. La Bruyère has nothing to beat it. Earle's Micro-Cosmography contains nothing so good.

It sums up in five pages the spirit of the Victorian age. Here and there are left still such citizens as the one Mr. Hind has in view. But they are few, and growing fewer. We should like to quote, but quotation would spoil the effect of the whole. You must read it to understand why it arouses enthusiasm.

Read all the other sketches, too. They will make you laugh and cry. They will give you fascinating glimpses of town and country all over Europe.

They will sometimes fill you with gratitude; at other times actively annoy you. Now you will call Mr. Hind a tiresome confessionalist. Next minute you will be vowing you never read more charming prose. For reading the book is like talking to an interesting person. You get a whole character in it, and it is always an attractive character even when you disagree with it most.

One perfect—yes, perfect, piece of literature, and the rest all amusing, persuasive, alive. Not bad to pack so much into one slim little book.

"NOTHING MATTERS."

"Nitchevo" is the Russian for "never mind" or "no matter." It is a word constantly on Russian lips. Bismarck used to tell a story (so the "Contemporary" says) of a St. Petersburg driver, whose driving was like that of Isha, the son of Nimshi, for he drove furiously. "Look out," said Bismarck, "you will upset us." "Nitchevo," replied the man. Then he did upset them, and Bismarck's head was cut open. When the German statesman came to himself the driver was wiping the blood off his face and murmuring quite cheerfully, "Nitchevo, Barin" ("Never mind, my lord!").

THE WEATHER AND THE WIRES.

Nothing, for excellent reasons, interests Englishmen more than the weather. Therefore we ought to be very grateful to Herr Bock, of Bahrenhausen, in Germany, who says he has discovered that you can foretell the weather by listening to telegraph wires humming. He has gone out into solitary places, and has spent hours alone with the wires.

So far he does not seem to have discovered much from them, but he lives in hope.

CAMPAIGN PILLS.

At every meal the Japanese soldiers in Manchuria take a little pill. It is made up of beef wood creosote, and is supposed to have a good effect in preventing dysentery, which is one of the dangers of the campaign. At one time the Army Drug Works in Tokio were turning out two millions of these pills every day.



THROUGH THE MIRROR.

THE SERVANT DIFFICULTY.

In what paper did "Thirty Years a House-keeper" advertise?

I have written to "servants' homes" and advertised in country papers, but all to no avail—only a few doubtful applicants. I should very much like to know how to get thirty applications. S. G.

West View, Highgate-hill, N.

HOW TO DISPERSE FOG.

I was recently standing at a corner where four roads met. A dense fog prevailed. The weather was mild. Suddenly an intensely cold current of air came from over the house-tops. The fog dropped instantly, and for more than 100 yards in this particular road the atmosphere was clear. The fog remained as dense as ever in the other roads.

If cold air could be discharged into the atmosphere, it would reduce the temperature in its immediate neighbourhood, and disperse fog in like manner.

ARTHUR BELT.

Ramsay-road, Forest Gate.

"WOMEN AND WHISKY."

It were well for future generations if the drinking habits of Englishwomen were exposed in the same way that the American writer, in your issue of Friday, denounces the like sin in his own countrywomen.

No man with his eyes open can have failed to notice the alarming increase of "tippling" among the women of the United Kingdom. Whisky, not wine, is fast becoming the favourite beverage with many women, and the love of pleasure instead of home is the fashion.

The startling fact that 60,000 lives are lost annually in this country directly or indirectly through the drink curse, and that three-fourths of the pauperism, lunacy, and crime owe their origin to it, make this one of the most pressing of our social problems.

OBSEVER.

RAILWAYS AND THEIR CLERKS.

May I venture to point out that the explanation of the Great Northern Railway's difficulty in getting clerks is a very obvious one? Youths on entering the service only receive some 6s. or 7s. per week, and advance by small instalments to the sum of 27s. per annum in the course of about seven years.

Hours often range from seventy to eighty per week, inclusive of Sundays. In addition to this the company may at any time appoint a lad to an office perhaps 100 miles from his home at a salary which is utterly inadequate to keep him without assistance from his parents.

The reason is not far to seek why parents prefer to keep their sons away from the railway service.

J. E. S. CHALLENER,
Railway Clerks' Association,
Bank Chambers, Doncaster.

DO MIRACLES HAPPEN?

When one considers the laws of nature broadly, laws of growth and of decay, laws terrestrial and celestial, how a ceaseless energy upholds, crushes, and evolves throughout the universe, and how very limited is the knowledge of nature's laws to which man has at present attained, how can anyone possibly take a definite position in the matter of miracles?

My belief is that when we have more men who have approximated their lives to the life of Jesus Christ, then we shall have more "miracles."

MILL HILL, Derby. C. R. S.

In hundreds of instances my prayers have been answered in a miraculously way. To cite a few: (1) My wife's life, abandoned by doctors, was saved in reply to a prayer. (2) My little son, at the age of two, had double pneumonia; given up by doctors; instant change for better after prayer. (3) After twelve years' service in a London firm an enemy tried to work my ruin. Prayer again opened a door and I even bettered my position at the last moment.

If any earnest inquirer likes to write me he can have further instances and see documentary proofs of all I say.

E. NEAK.
Upland-road, Dulwich.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Now Winter comes apace, whom poor folks dread. The long, warm days of summer-time are fled. The long, warm days, the soft, short summer nights,

When but a brief bright dusk came 'twixt the lights, Of day and day; when God so cheered the world With His great Sun, and overhead resounded

A canopy of deep, warm, glorious blue.

But now the sunshine hours are grown so few. Foul fogs efface the features of the morn.

With heavy labour each new day is born.

As a weak infant struggles for its breath,

Grey, 'neath the shadow of determined Death,

So the Day struggles to make glad our eyes,

Grows hourly weaker, and untimely dies.

Food, fire, and covering, woe to them that lack!

A starving belly and a shivering back;

These are the gifts grim Winter bears in hand.

For thousands in this "happy, Christian" land

Through the chill dusk gleam-eyes of ravening red,

Winter, the Wolf is here—whom poor folks dread.

—From the French.

THE NEW LINK OF EMPIRE.

"Overseas Mail," Which Will Reach the Briton the World Over.

Way up in the Yukon, where men hunt for gold, and where winter brings a deadly cold unknown to those who stay at home, sits a fur and felt clad miner dreaming of the old country.

At the best he can only dream, for he is far from the track of news. An occasional letter from home has told him how friends and relations are spending their time in the old country. Some are married, some are dead, in other places new faces have appeared. His letters have not told him much, but they have helped him to conjure up the old, familiar scenes and faces.

But there the letters end. What of the dear old country itself? What of London? What of the rest of the world? Not even the best of letter-writers can tell him that. Yet that is what he wants to know. How wags the world? Russia, Japan—the Far East, the near East—what is happening? How go fiscal questions? What of the rest of the Empire?

THE VERY THING HE WANTS.

The call of a human voice rings in the distance. He sees, fighting its way up the hidden trail, a dog-sleigh and two running figures—his Majesty's mail. He hopes it will bring a letter, perhaps even two—letters which will tell of home, but will not tell him what he wants to know. It may even have a daily paper for him. But what is one day in the year?

A snapping and worrying of half-savage dogs—the mail is unfastened. There is not only the letter, but a paper. And the paper; it is the very paper for which he has hoped so long. It is the news for a whole week. News of the old country—its specially written for him, the very things he wants to know. Once more he is a part of the old country, one of her sons, a part of the great Empire, feeling every pulse beat. That is what his news means to him.

And it is not only now and then that he is to receive this grateful news. Each week, in London these sixteen pages are to be posted to him. Whenever the yapping mail-sleigh makes its way over the winter snows it will bear him its light, but precious burden.

THE EXILE'S NEWSPAPER.

Sixteen Pages of the World's News Posted to Him Each Week.

What is the paper which is to do this? It is the "Overseas Edition" of the "Daily Mail," and the first edition will be ready next Friday. On that day, and on every following Friday, in time to catch the mails to every part of the world, the "Overseas Mail" will contain the full story of the passed week.

All the news—home and foreign—will be found in its sixteen pages. All the important leading articles and reviews that have appeared in the "Daily Mail" during the week will be reprinted. A review of the week's events will be written especially for the Briton beyond the seas. No topic which can possibly interest him will be omitted.

The paper is for him. Not in the dim corner of the globe in which his "Overseas Mail" will not find him. Wherever a letter or paper can be delivered there the "Overseas Mail" will go. From the Arctic to the Antarctic the Briton will be in touch with the rest of the world and his world-wide Empire.

And it is so simple for friends and relations at home to forge this binding link across the seas.

All that is necessary is to fill up the order form which appears on page 2, and forward it with a crossed postal order for 5s. to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," London, E.C.

A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GREETING.

On the order form you must fill in the name and address of the person to whom the weekly issue of the "Overseas Mail" is to be sent. Then your part of the business is done. First, a letter will be sent to the person you have named, telling him or her that for a year the paper will be posted to them each week, and saying at whose order this is done. Then they will receive their papers, week by week.

Just now distant friends are thinking of Christmas in the old country. You cannot send them a better present than a year's subscription to the "Overseas Mail." As a present, too, it has decided attractions for the sender. It is cheap, only 5s. You have none of the worry of sending it off, and the donor is kept in mind for a whole year as each week's number arrives. Fifty-two papers posted free to anywhere that the post can reach is a big result for 5s.

To make this possible it has been necessary to manufacture special paper. In the first place, it must be light, so that the sixteen pages may pass through the Postal Union at the lowest possible rates. It must be strong, so that it may bear the wear and tear which it will receive on reaching its destination.

This special manufacture of the paper is only one small detail in the care which is being taken to make the "Overseas Mail" an ideal paper, binding together the far-reaching, lads of the British Empire.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Sister Refuses.

"Admit that I am very clever," cried Mrs. La Grange as her Puck-like eyes twinkled mischievously under her prematurely white hair. She swept a hand of triumph over the brilliant throng that crowded her lawn.

"I always have thought that," answered Deverill.

"But I fancy myself specially to-day. It proves that I am a true prophet. Oh, I can see a long way ahead, and some distance backwards, too."

She pointed her words with a little significant glance, first across the lawn at Lady Gascoyne, then at Deverill. Mrs. La Grange, with the lightest possible touch, was always chaffing about the mysteries of the night of the fire.

"My pioneering," she continued, "has to-day been proved a great success."

"Pioneering?"

"Yes. I was the first to see what the motor-car really meant. I took this lovely place here at Richmond over a year ago. I knew that people would be glad to come to me. If I were living in Mayfair to-day my drawing-room would be half empty. Everybody would be in the country."

"Yes," laughed Deverill, "Johnny Harborn spoke of your house the other day as the motor-men's rest."

Mrs. La Grange took this as a great compliment. She could not live without excitement, and her ingenuity in establishing her home in a lovely spot on a favourite road for motorists had brought her an immense popularity and secured for her a constant stream of visitors.

"Johnny Harborn," she exclaimed, "is a dear boy. He is one of two dozen who knows that he can have a whisky-and-soda whether I am at home or not."

Their conversation was interrupted for an instant by the coming and going of visitors; but Deverill did not move from the spot. He shrank from approaching Lady Gascoyne. The confession which he must soon make to her of the dreadful result of his imprudence in allowing her to come to his chambers, seemed to him now impossible. He watched her across the lawn from the corner of his eye, saw her receiving with her usual exquisite grace, the homage of her crowd of admirers, saw that she looked as though care and herself had never had even a nodding acquaintance. He looked down with frowning brow and drew absent-minded figures in the grass with the end of his walking-stick.

"She has plenty of pluck," he thought to himself. "The way she went to the money-lender prove that. How will she take what I am going to tell her? Will she cut it all off, sharp, once and for all, by going with me? How can she—poor little woman? She cannot live without this."

"This" meant to Dick Deverill's mind social position, the dignity of an honoured life, the respectful attentions showered upon beauty, upon grace, upon one who was the wife of a Justice of the High Court.

The surroundings were such as to emphasise to the highest degree the sacrifices which Rosamond Gascoyne must make if she fled with Richard Deverill.

"It is the best thing for her to do," he thought to himself, "for all that. I must try and make up to her for what she loses. I shall be the gainer at any rate. I shall have her all to myself. This miserable life of hypocrisy and deceit has become unendurable to me. I shall be glad to end it all. There is at least some merit in flying your flag openly in the eyes of all the world. I am sure she will choose for me. She will see, as I do, the impossibility of living here under the thumb of this man Somerton. She will revolt at the idea of encouraging this terrible sacrifice of Gertrude Gascoyne. She is too much of a sportsman to make any innocent girl pay the penalty for our fault. We must exonerate our own wrong. Gertrude Gascoyne."

He started, and was recalled to his surroundings as he heard his own name spoken. He was confused for an instant, as he saw that Gertrude Gascoyne herself stood in front of him.

"It can never be," he said impetuously, as he clasped her outstretched hand.

"Dreaming—you?" she cried, in her gentle voice, appearing to be somewhat annoyed.

He pulled himself together, but tried in vain to banish the signs of care from his face. Gertrude saw instantly that he was concealing grave anxiety. Her mind flashed back to the extraordinary interview which she had had with Miriam Elton, to the hint which the money-lender had given her as to Deverill's money troubles. She felt sorry for him, as she did for everybody who was suffering—whether they deserved to suffer or not. Naturally selfish and sympathetic, her own hidden heart-ache about Hughie Mordaunt made her doubly considerate of others. But suddenly she remembered that Deverill had had a legacy.

"I heard the good news," she said. "I was down at Knoyle at the time; in fact, I only came

up yesterday. Everybody down there is so pleased at your little stroke of good fortune."

"A stroke of luck, indeed," he cried. "I couldn't have been more astonished if the money had fallen from the clouds. I did not know that my revered uncle—oh, don't look at me reprovingly, I do reverence him now—had ever heard my name. The executor has behaved like a trump. He has already stumped up half, so I have no excuse for thinking it all a dream."

Rosamond and Lady Chetnole motored down to me one day," said Gertrude, "and they told me about it. I made up my mind that I would ask a little favour of you. May 17?"

The girl spoke with a little hesitation now, and there was an unvoiced timidity in her voice. The fact was that for some time now there had been a slight, impalpable film of ice between her and Dick Deverill. It had been entirely melted within the last few days. On her return to London she had learned quite casually that Dick Deverill had hardly been at her brother's house at all, that he had not been seen anywhere with her sister-in-law.

Rosamond seemed to have become somewhat quizzical, and she disappeared to Gertrude as much time was devoted to her husband. Gertrude quickly dismissed the vague, idle fancies which had disturbed her for such a long time, and made the earnest resolution that she would do her very best to be genuinely friendly with her sister-in-law. She felt kindly to Dick Deverill, too, and wished to make amends for having held him so long at arm's length. He felt that change instantly. He looked into her clear, candid eyes, and wondered what she could have to ask of him.

"You believe him—actually believe him," she cried, when Deverill came to a pause in his eager description of the change of heart which had come to her brother.

"You see I do," he answered, utterly contemptuous of truth in his determination to win this woman to his wishes. "He bared his heart before me. He talked to me as one man seldom talks to any other. He made no concealments. I couldn't be helped being affected. I couldn't refuse to bring his message to you."

"No," said Mrs. La Grange. "It has not lost in the bringing. So he wishes to get back again into the place which he has forfeited?"

"Yes."

"I suppose," said Mrs. La Grange, looking at him with a sly twinkle in her vivacious eyes, "that you have promised to give him all the help you can, in every way."

"Yes," was the prompt answer.

"A Don Quixote," murmured the lady. "To think that I had never suspected it. Why have you concealed your true self? I think you interesting in this vein. What is your object?"

"I have none, except to do what little I can, to give a lift to a man who has put his case to me in such a way that I can't refuse."

"Strange," she cried. "Positively, you are more impressionable than I am. You have appealed to me, I am sure, just as strongly as he appealed to you—and yet I can refuse."

He looked at her dismayed. Up to this moment she had encouraged him to believe that she would yield. She had given him ten minutes; she could spare no more, so she dashed his hopes abruptly.

"Mr. Deverill," she said as she rose, "I believe I think better of you for having undertaken a difficult duty, for having carried it out so well as you have—but the thing is impossible. You cannot know him as I know him. He cannot be sincere. Even if he were, there is a shadow across his life from which he can never emerge."

"He does not ask much," he implored, "he only—"

"It is a hard thing to say of one's brother," interrupted Mrs. La Grange, "but I tell you, Mr. Deverill, he cannot run straight. He has a motive behind this, I am sure. He has deceived you. As he cares for only one thing, I look in that direction to study his designs. He is using you as a tool to get money in some way."

"On the contrary—"

She shook her head incredulously, and turned to go away. In his eagerness he put a hand upon her arm, and detained her.

"I omitted to tell you," he continued, "truly, I didn't think of it. He has been very fortunate."

"Fortunate!" she repeated bitterly. "Do you know, Mr. Deverill, that he makes money?"

"Do you know that to be fortunate with him, means to have been successful—yes, I put it plainly—in some underhand trickery, perhaps even in some scheme quite outside the law."

"No, no," he cried, "before I took a step he

proved to me that he had made nearly a hundred thousand pounds in speculation. I saw the brokers' accounts. I went over them. I am not deceived, Mrs. La Grange."

He hesitated an instant, then boldly adopted the suggestion of Harold Somerton.

"One motive," he continued, "for wishing to be received by you was to adjust some accounts between you. He said he would have to pay you something like a couple of thousand pounds."

Mrs. La Grange broke into a cynical laugh of disbelief as she shook her head. She was about to speak, when Lady Gascoyne came round the corner of the house. She saw the two standing in earnest talk, Deverill's hand on the arm of her friend. One quick, sudden flash of jealous anger crossed her face, then she stepped forward with smiling lips and outstretched hand.

"My dear," she said, with her most charming lips, "such a delightful afternoon—but I must go."

Then she seemed to be aware for the first time of the presence of Richard Deverill. She gave him a cold bow.

(To be continued.)

such an extraordinary talk. I thought you'd be pleased."

Dick Deverill had always appeared to Mrs. La Grange as a master of tact. She looked at him now as though she could hardly credit what he had heard.

"Something is behind this," she said impetuously, after an instant's thought; "you would never make the mistake of supposing any news from that source could please me—except, of course, to hear one thing."

A lady who could thus insinuate so calmly that it would please her to hear of the death of her brother was not likely to receive patiently a suggestion that she should welcome him as a returned prodigal; but Dick Deverill pressed on with his recital, desperately hoping for some result that might postpone his confession to Rosamond. So unversed was he by the danger which lurked in front of the latter, so passionately eager was he to secure the promised end for her sake, that he pleaded for Harold Somerton with such earnestness, such fervour of conviction, that the astonished Mrs. La Grange felt herself insensibly moved. Hateful as was the object for which he pleaded, she felt the moment interesting.

"If he can talk like this," she thought to herself, "when he is asking favours for another, what must he be like when he is making love?"

She felt as though she were getting a series of instantaneous photographs of the soul of a man hitherto a stranger to her. She no longer had any doubt about the nature of the mystery of the night of the fire. A man with such depths in his nature as this, she said to herself, had not been content that night with shoving Rosamond Gascoyne the moon.

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(To be continued.)

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THE SEASON OF GIVING—PRESENTS MADE

ME.

BAGS OF SCRAPS.

GIFTS EVOLVED FROM ODDS AND ENDS.

one dressmaker and the woman who does fancy work should search through her odds-and-ends bag now, and utilise the scraps of pretty silk, cretonne, and linen for the sale of which she is sure to be interested at this the coming gifts of Yule.

Velveteen.

Those that are kept stretched into shape last more than twice as long as those that are merely folded away with the millinery they adorn, but a veil-tidy is one of the really useful toilette accessories that is rarely met with among so many purely useless superfluities. A prettily-embroidered veil-case should, therefore, prove a welcome Christmas gift, alike to girl friend or matron.

In shape it should be like a blotting-book, with leaves sufficiently large when open to hold the veil, which is pinned by either corner to the flannel or soft silk of the inner lining. A pencil-shaped pin-bolster, running down the middle of the case, is secured at the top and bottom by a piece of elastic, so that it can be raised to slip the veils under it. This serves to hold them in place when the case is shut, prevents an ugly fold across the centre of the fabric, and also serves as a receptacle for hat-pins. A picture of the case will be observed in the sketch on this page, which shows the outer cover embroidered in a bold design, into which might suitably be introduced the monogram of the recipient.

Scone Cosy for Hot Rolls.

To make this useful present take a square of embroidery linen that measures 18in. each way. Hem-stitch it all round and work it in raised linen with a sprig pattern about 4in. deep. To form the cosy lay the square face downwards on the table and fold two sides so as to meet in the

four sides. Into each of these a scone or hot roll is slipped. The linen, which must be of good quality, must be ironed when wet, after it has been worked, to give the requisite stiffness that will make the points stand up.

Egg cosy are easily made. They should be cone-shaped, just large enough to slip over an egg, and quilted inside with an interlining of wadding or flannel. For the outer cover any morsel of bright-coloured satin or silk, finished off with a border and tassel of gold bullion thread, may be utilised.

Endless are the modes that a little ingenuity will devise for transforming otherwise useless scraps

SPIDERWEB MILLINERY.

NEW STRAW HAT FOR SUN.

It has been ascertained by a representative of a large eastern hat importing and exporting firm that there will be a novelty in straw hats next season. It is what is called a spiderweb straw, and it takes twenty-two of these hats to weigh a pound. They are made in Switzerland, and are of the sailor shape, and so constructed that they cannot be in-



A liner case for hot rolls and an egg cosy.

of silk into useful and dainty pinholders. Among these, the flower shape should attract by its convenience and novelty. The centre of the flower is the cushion proper, into which the pins are stuck, the longer ones standing up and giving the effect of the flower stamens. From the centre spread the petals, composed of silk or velvet stiffened with a little fancy wire. The flower is set at the side of its green leaf, which is made double, shaped in cardboard, covered with silk, and lined with flannel, and forms a needlebook; or it may be used for holding safety-pins and the long hatpins, which would look out of place in the flower centre. Water-lilies, clematis, St. John's wort, or flowers of this bold shape, are the most suitable for copying.

Suggestion from Japan.

The pretty custom of sending mince-pies and other home-made dainties to friends, enclosed in fancy baskets covered with some square of silk or linen embroidery, which can afterwards be utilised in other ways, should certainly be revived. This custom, which may justly claim a very great antiquity indeed, still prevails in Japan, where no fat-day passes without some complimentary gift of sweetmeats arriving wrapped in a delicate silken cover, which, in the case of wealthy donors, is often of great intrinsic value.

In the first column another candidate for the Christmas present list is sketched—a child's flannel bonnet, made for the poor. Flannel embroidery edges the model shown, but pinked-out flannel is less expensive, and quite as pretty.

BEAUTY BITS.

REMEDIES THAT ALLEVIATE MANY ILLS.

A good preparation that will whiten the hands is made by scraping a cake of white curd soap and mixing it with half a wineglassful of lemon juice and the same amount of colo de Cologne.

The following lotion will be found an excellent one to apply to the neck when it has become brown—Take three ounces of Jamaica rum, six ounces of lemon juice, two ounces of rosewater, and three ounces of vinegar, and rub it well into the skin several times a day.

Those who suffer from a greasy complexion should not use soap upon the face, however pure. Instead, they should put a little fine oatmeal into the water, and also put some upon the washing flannel. It is a good plan to dust the face over after washing it with fine oatmeal powder, and then rub it off again with a soft handkerchief.

Cure for a Rough Skin.

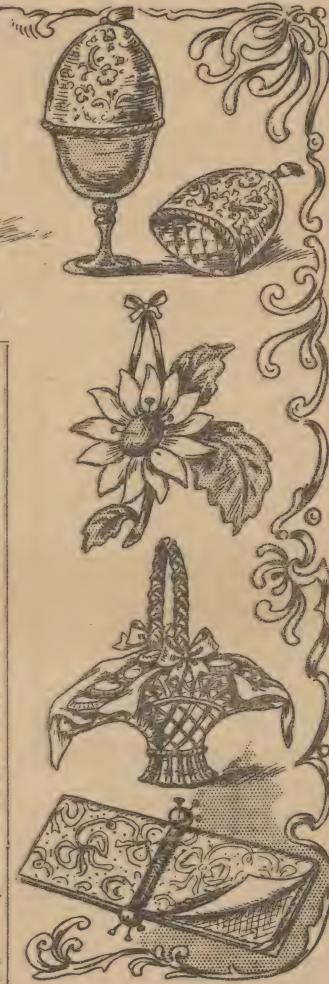
A very excellent adjunct to the toilet table list of cosmetics and winter ungents is Antexema, which costs only 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 6d. a bottle, according to size. It is specially useful as a cure for a rough or irritable skin, and that disfiguring affection, acne, and anyone liable to attacks of eczema and corysoplas should learn to appreciate its virtues. Men use it after shaving as a balm to the sensitive skin, and it is also most salutary as an application and remedy for cuts, burns, bruises, and insect bites. So its means of making itself useful are too many to cause it to be safe to overlook it as a dressing-table accessory.

When the gums are not hard and pink, and begin to recede from the teeth, leaving them very liable to decay, paint them with tincture of myrrh frequently and drink plenty of milk.

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It has been ascertained by a representative of a large eastern hat importing and exporting firm that there will be a novelty in straw hats next season. It is what is called a spiderweb straw, and it takes twenty-two of these hats to weigh a pound. They are made in Switzerland, and are of the sailor shape, and so constructed that they cannot be in-



The veil tidy, pincushion, and mince-pie basket described in the article "Bags of Scraps" are illustrated above.

jured by rain. In fact, when they get wet the straw swells, and the hat is even better than it was before.

These new hats will not interfere with the steady sale of Panamas. A good Panama is always in demand and always valuable. Panama hats are made during the early hours of the morning and the late hours of the evening, when the atmosphere is moist and there is a heavy dew. This is on account of the fact that the straw must be wet when it is harvested, or at least damp, so that it will not break. The hats are beaten on this account. The natives can only work on the hats for about four hours a day, and they refuse to be hurried.

THE FAMILY EXCHEQUER.

HOW TO START HOUSEKEEPING

The first year of married life is often full of difficulty, simply because the young couple have no experience as to ways and means.

A man who has been used to spending his income on himself often finds a good deal of difficulty in dividing it to suit the altered conditions of support for two. He should settle beforehand

future wife exactly what amount can be spent on housekeeping, and after the marriage he should hand over to her every week the money for the necessary bills. There is nothing more unfair, or more productive of domestic difficulties, than an uncertainty about the proper sum on which a house can be worked.

A great mistake is made by the husband who neglects to give his wife money for her own use. She should have a regular allowance, no matter how small it must be. Nothing is worse policy than letting her have only what she can save out of the housekeeping. Either it or she must inevitably suffer, and there are many consequences arising from a system of this sort which are calculated to make a household anything but happy.

Housekeeping should be started with a resolution to keep the outlay well within the income. No matter how little is saved, every week something should be put by, whether it be a few shillings or only a few pence. It is quite marvellous how soon these small savings begin to mount up to a respectable sum; and no young couple, however bright their prospects, can ever be sure whether they may not live to be thankful for a sum saved for a rainy day. And, besides that, the habit of saving becomes very often a stepping-stone to wealth.

In search of clothes and a knowledge of fashions in general, I advise all women to pay a visit to Messrs. R. W. Savage & Co., of 79 to 93, High-street, Putney, S.W., for here in every department are new models daily arriving from all important fashion centres, apart from the delightful and inexpensive designs produced by this famous firm. At this time of year brown is the predominating colour at the leading London and Paris firms, and in choosing for first favourite the authorities pay tribute to Nature at her loveliest. This particular model I am about to describe is in softest brown tafta, and might well be called a study in browns, for the insertions of yak lace are dyed to tone with the old-world round satin buttons. The bolero is most becomingly cut short at the back, and drawn tightly into a deeply-boned corsage. The fronts are semi-loose, disclosing a waistcoat of dull shaded embroidery, with a touch of old lace. The sleeves in themselves are a revelation, and show a return to the Tudor period, while the skirt is after the Marie Antoinette style, prettily pleated into the hips, and having medallions of brown yak lace edged with innumerable tiny pleatings. In direct contrast to this magnificent gown, note the plain tailor-made, for morning wear, with the new tight sleeve, the three-quarter coat, suggestive of the old Newmarket, and the plain gored skirt, which are one of R. W. Savage's specialties. There is a special line of boleros and trotteuse skirts in this department, which should commend itself to girls on small allowances and who wish to dress well, for they are beautifully cut and essentially French.

Children's fashions boast a department to themselves, and receive quite exclusive consideration, and another well-equipped department is that devoted to ladies' outfitting, where the most charming night apparel and underwear is displayed.

The new millinery is lovely, and it includes some beautiful models that possess all the chic due to their Parisian origin. Dressy and becoming bonnets for matrons are a feature of this department.

Among the dress materials one notices a "Chiffon Amazon" that possesses delightful draping possibilities.

Blouses, ever a special feature at R. W. Savage's, are creations of daintiness. Dainty items that must not be overlooked in the made-up-lace department, are a collection of bewitching creations. At the glove counter there is a large stock of motor-gloves, and ladies' gloves generally, both for ladies and gentlemen. While a feature of the fur department includes a number of graceful stoles and muffs of sable, Persian lamb, parr, and Caracul, fastened with oxidised silver clips. Messrs. R. W. Savage will be pleased to send modes and patterns of the moment to any address on application.

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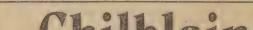
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YOU will not have far to go before finding a friend, acquaintance, or neighbour who can tell you from personal experience that BEECHAM'S PILLS are the most efficacious medicine yet known for the cure of all forms of

Indigestion, Bilious Disorders,
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Such unquestionable testimony can be obtained by almost anyone anywhere. Those who have taken BEECHAM'S PILLS have realised the immense benefits derived from their use, and have recommended them to their friends.

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IS THE INCOMPARABLE CURE FOR
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The finest Medicine in the World for Children, being of a pleasant, soothng nature, gives the little patients the comfort of a night's rest and refreshing sleep.

IN BOTTLES 7/1d., 1/1, & 2/9, FROM
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 HERBAL TABLETS
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WHELPTON'S PILLS
 CURE
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ALL CHURCH'S
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While They Last
 and no longer you can have one of these Gold Wire Lord's Prayer Rings for 6d. I am making this extraordinary offer, as I have a large number of Gold Wire Novelties. Send postal order for 6d. and 1d. stamp for postage, and I will send you a sample of these rings. They will not appear again—E. R. HARRIS, The Wire King, Winter Gardens, Blackpool.

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SCOTT'S
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 The Best Cure for INDIGESTION,
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**Eczema, Chaps, Acne, Ulcers and Boils are
 cured by 'Antexema'**



We wish to urge on all readers of this paper the extreme importance of having a healthy skin. If the pores are clogged by some skin disease ill-health is sure to result. Any dreadful irritation or disfigurement is immediately relieved by 'Antexema'. It has been used recently for Eczema and skin troubles of men, women and children. A personal test will convince of its virtues.

Before and After Use.

Remarkable Cures of Eczema and Impure Blood

Mr. H. writes: "I had Acne for three years. 'Antexema' cured me."

Mr. J. writes: "Antexema" cured Ringworm on my child's face."

Mr. W. H. H. writes: "I have given Antexema to my son and am happy to say that I am now perfectly free of Eczema. 'Antexema' has done for me in ten days what the Skin Hospital failed to do in seven months."

Mr. S. W. P. writes: "For a month my face was studded with blotches. A bottle of 'Antexema' completely cured me."

Mrs. A. W. T. writes: "I had a skin disease which left my skin clear, white, and healthy."

Don't Delay. Get a Bottle To-day

Thousands of readers testifying to the value of 'Antexema' can be adduced. The following is a sample of what they did not know of 'Antexema' sooner. 'Antexema' will cure any skin complaint.

Read the booklet "Dr. T. R. Cooke's Cony enclosed with every box of 'Antexema' is supplied by C. & T. COOKE LTD., 1/2, 1/4, and 1/8, or can be obtained direct post free in plain wrapper for 1/8. It should be in every home. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of 'Antexema' can send a stamped envelope, Dr. T. R. COOKE LTD., 25, Castle Street, Skin Troubles and 2/0 letters from persons who have been cured by 'Antexema'."

Address: "ANTEXEMA" 23, Castle Rd., London, N.W.

Poor Baby!

Before Use.

After Use.

Before and After Use.

AVOID WINTER BY COLDS & CHILLS



NO FEWER than 185,000 persons die annually in the British Isles from colds and chills, or from the ailments which these bring on. When the body is run down a chill is easily contracted. The blood at the surface of the body is driven inwards, and the internal organs become congested. Especially is this so with the liver, stomach, and intestines; hence liver chills, shivering, headache, digestive ailments, and similar weakening disorders frequently ensue upon a cold. For toning up the system to withstand Winter's trying weather Bile Beans are absolutely unequalled. Those who find Winter a trying time, and are always "catching cold," should try them.

Mrs. Mary Ann Popely, of 142, Lots Road, Chelsea, says: "Winter weather used to try me severely, and I was always ill. Last winter my chest ached, I lost appetite, could not take my usual food, felt weak, listless, and dejected. I was so run down that as soon as influenza began to appear I contracted it, and was prostrated for some time. I began to take Bile Beans when I thought I had a long illness before me. They quickly strengthened me, and I went through the whole Winter without ailing again—a thing I hadn't done for years!"

INDIGESTION, Bile Beans Cure After Doctor Fails.

"I do not think there is a woman in the country who has suffered more from indigestion and biliousness than I have," said Mrs. Bird, of 26, Sun-street, Rugby, in the course of an interview with a "Midland Times" reporter. "Added to these were flatulence and constipation, and so ill was I that even such light food as bread-and-butter caused me most intense suffering. It was impossible for me to obtain rest, for the pain was so great I could not sleep at night. I tried all sorts of remedies, which did me no good whatever, and a local doctor, after examining me and prescribing his own medicines without any result, admitted he could do nothing for me. I had by this time often heard of Bile Beans, but never tried them. One day a pamphlet was left at the house, and, reading of the cures of cases like mine, I was induced to send for a box. Most wonderful to me was the fact that I soon experienced some relief, and continuing to take the medicine regularly, I found myself, in the course of a few weeks, completely cured. I had no more sleepless nights. I found I could practically eat any kind of food. Of course, this result was brought about entirely by Bile Beans, and I can most conscientiously recommend them to everyone who suffers as I did. I always keep a box in the house, and tell everyone interested of the wonderful efficacy of the Beans.

CONSTIPATION.

It would be hard to find an ailment responsible for more serious troubles than is constipation. It brings on indigestion, causes most distressing headaches, languor, and heaviness, and not only robs the body of its vitality and energy, but lays it open to the attacks of various diseases. As a rule improper action of the liver is responsible for this disorder. The bile is a natural purgative, and if the bile flow is interfered with, open air exercise, dieting, or any other special treatment will be useless until this evil is corrected. BILE BEANS stimulate the liver's action and regulate the bile flow, thus acting directly upon the cause of constipation and not on the effect. They do this by getting to the real root and cause of the trouble.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

Medical advice costs money. We pay the money, and the advice is forwarded to you free. If ailing, write (in confidence) to our fully qualified Medical Staff at Greek-st. depot, Leeds. Say whether married, give symptoms, and mark letter "Private." Kept strictly so.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Influenza, Liver Chill, Rheumatism, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Flatulence, Indigestion, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Debility, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Obtainable of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., 4, Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, Is. 1½d., or large family size 2s. 9d. per box (2s. 9d. size contains three times Is. 1½d. size). Bile Beans are sold in sealed boxes only: NEVER LOOSE.

FREE TEST FOR ALL.

Cut out the accompanying Coupon, and send it with your name and address to "Bile Bean Co.'s Depot, Leeds," with a penny stamp (to pay return postage), and a free sample box of Bile Beans will be sent to you. This will enable you to test the merits of the medicine of which you hear so much. You may then judge for yourself.

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22 Nov., 04.

